The Outlook

DECEMBER 16, 1914

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

DURING the week December 2 to 9 the center of interest was in Poland, and the despatches were provokingly contradictory. Although the details are still obscure, it is evident that military operations of the first magnitude were in progress. Day after day the official bulletins from Petrograd and Berlin used such phrases as: "The battle is still undecided," "Our campaign is developing normally." Neither Government claimed a large-scale victory.

Unofficial despatches from Petrograd had told that the German forces were separated and that their complete annihilation was imminent. An official Russian report of December 8 described the fighting around Lodz up till the 5th. According to this authority the Germans had a decided advantage in November. On the 19th the Russian front was broken. "This success was followed by the driving of a German avalanche into the opening thus made." On November 23 the conditions are described as "most difficult and distressing for us." But an improvement in the Russian position followed shortly. The Germans were in pressing danger of being surrounded. "On the 26th of November the Germans made an unbelievable effort" and fought their way through the encircling Russians. From then on the German situation improved. Early in December, having brought up heavy reinforcements, which the Russian Staff estimates at about a quarter of a million, the Germans were able to take the offensive once more and, according to the latest reports, occupy the city of Lodz.

As we do not know the plans of the German General Staff, it is impossible to interpret their statements that their operations are "progressing according to programme." If their object was to occupy Lodz, they have succeeded. If they intended to winter in Warsaw or to break the communications of the Russian army in front of Cracow, they are still far from their goal.

The despatches of the 9th indicated that the German line is continuous and fairly straight for some distance to each side of Lodz, that they have brought up very heavy reinforcements to make this line good, and that they are intrenching.

If this is all the Germans have accomplished, the Allies will be well content. Of course they would have preferred the annihilation of a German army. But if the Russians have halted the German advance, have made work for a large number of their men, and have forced them to a defensive attitude, it is a great accomplishment. It was the German plan to hold off the enemy on one side while they struck at the other. It will be a distinct gain to the Allies if the Germans have to give up the offensive on both frontiers.

Three German armies, one after the other, have been hurled with immense energy against Russia. The advance into East Prussia and the earlier drive at Warsaw were beaten back. The third offensive seems to have been stopped. The Germans, with the forces at their command, have done marvels in this eastern campaign. Objective students of military history will probably give them the highest commendation. But to date their herculean efforts have not been successful. They have imperative need of an overwhelming victory, and none of their thrusts have so far struck a vital spot.

The situation of the Germans is much more critical in the east than in the west. There is small chance of such a deadlock

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from the Baltic to the Carpathians as that which we have watched from the North Sea to the Alps. The line is too long, and the numerical superiority of the Russians increases too rapidly. If the Russians can hold the Germans in central Poland with their present forces, they can overwhelm the flanks—in East Prussia and Galicia—with sheer weight of numbers.

There was little news during the week from the East Prussian campaign. But the reports indicate that the Russian advance in Galicia has been steady, if slow. The outer fortifications of Cracow are under bombardment, the siege of Przemysl progresses, and Cossack raiding parties are once more reported to have crossed the Carpathians into Hungary.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN

As was foreseen, the Allies in France and Flanders, realizing how much of Germany's attention was absorbed in the east, have assumed the offensive. This does not mean that the Germans have entirely stopped their assaults. They are not sitting quietly in their trenches waiting for the Allies to charge. For every attack there will be a counter-attack. But on the whole the initiative now rests with the French and English. It is as yet too soon to tell what magnitude they can give to their aggressive. So far they have been pressing the enemy along the entire line from Alsace to the Channel. If they find a noticeable weakness at any point, they may be able to muster enough strength to break through.

Their chance of success depends almost entirely on their numbers. And this is the point which the General Staffs take the greatest pains to conceal. Much of the information on which one might base estimates has been given out with a shrewd intention to deceive.

The indications are that the English forces at Mons in the early days of the war were considerably under one hundred thousand; eighty thousand is probably near the truth. We have the word of Earl Kitchener that all losses have been made good. It is quite sure that the number has been greatly increased. Including the Indian and Colonial contingents, the British army on the Continent is now probably between a quarter and a half million. The French strength is even more uncertain. They have approximately four million men who have had some military training. How many they have been able to equip and put in the field is unknown. Two million and a half is a very generous guess. The German forces in the west are certainly outnumbered, perhaps very much so. If the Allies do not develop a serious forward movement, it will show that we have overestimated their strength.

RANGE-FINDING

In the illustrated section of this week's Outlook, under the heading "Methods of Field Signaling," are photographs which show how modern weapons are aimed. The most important thing to know about a target you wish to hit is its exact distance. In these days, when rifles are accurate up to a mile and cannon to ten or twenty, the eyes cannot be trusted to estimate the distance.

"Range-finding" has been reduced to an exact science. Heavy tomes which go into the most minute intricacies of mathematics and optics have been written on the subject, and the most delicate instruments of modern warfare are those which have been developed to assist the eyes in determining distances. The most complicated of the mechanical range-finders are those used on war-ships. When the gun as well as the target is moving and both are being tossed by the waves, the chance of "a fair hit" seems small indeed. But the range-finder invented by one of our officers—it is the most jealously guarded secret of our Government—is so efficient that the accuracy of our naval guns rivals that of our coast defense batteries. In land warfare the problem is much simpler, as the gun, at least, is stationary.

Range-finders work on the same theory as our eyes, but very much more accurately. With only one eye, unless we know the size of an object, we can only guess at its distance. But our two eyes, separated a few inches, allow us to construct a triangle, and by a subconscious process of trigonometry—which to work out on paper requires the use of sines, cosines, and logarithms—the distance is approximated.

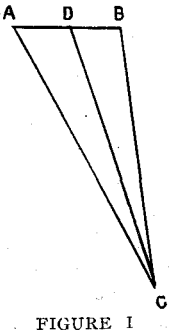

FIGURE I

How the eyes measure distance. **A** is the right eye; **B** is the left eye; **C** is the object; the line **CD** is the distance

This problem which our optic nerves and muscles work out automatically is expressed by mathematicians as follows: If the length of the base line A B and the angles A B C and B A C

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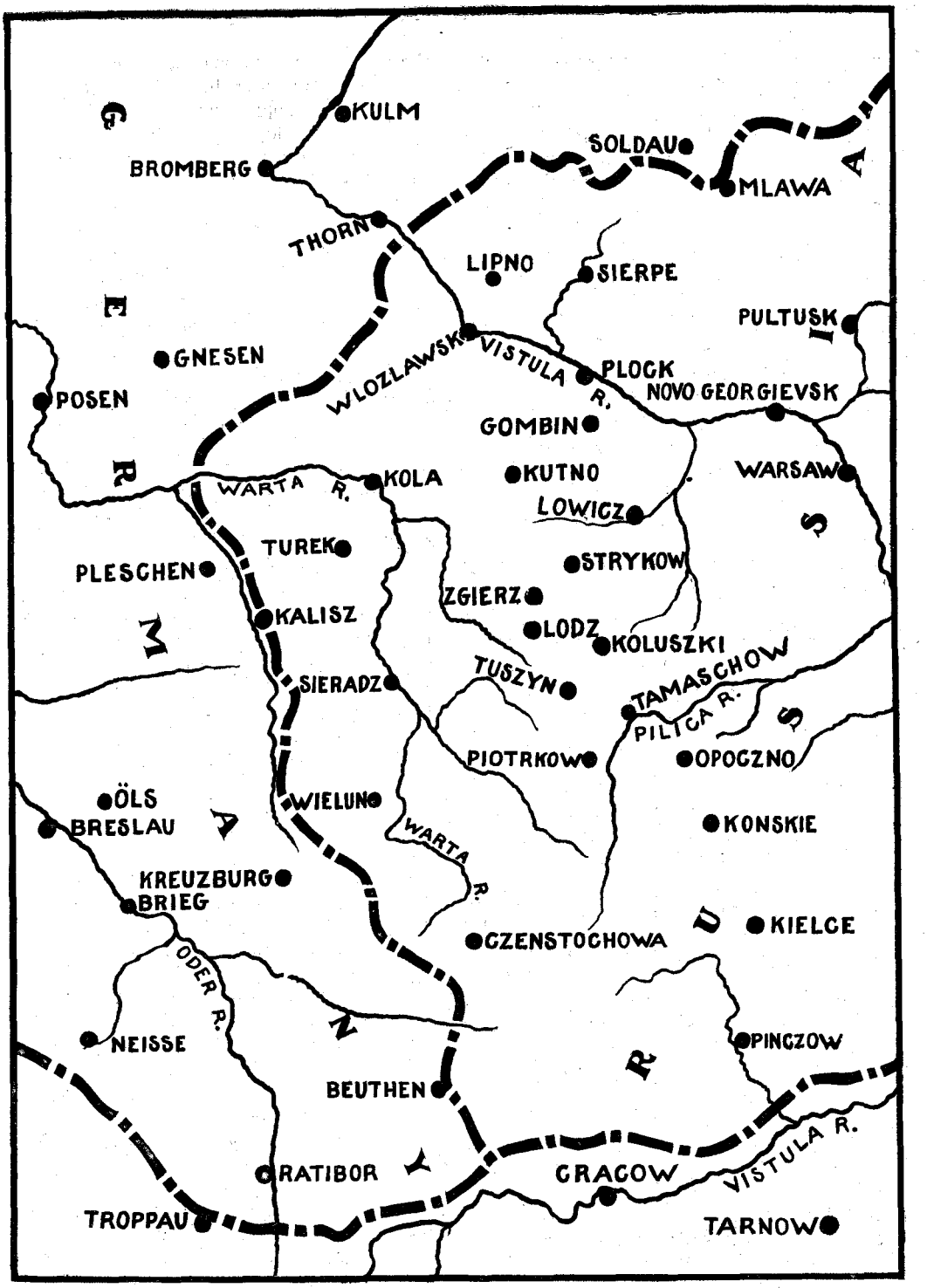

THE POLISH CAMPAIGN

As soon as they had gained breath after their rapid retreat from Warsaw the Germans began a new advance into Poland. The first movement was up the Vistula from Thorn. After preliminary successes, this column became involved with superior Russian forces and was nearly surrounded. The Germans hurried reinforcements from the west, and a third column was pushed forward from Wielun. By hard fighting these German forces succeeded in getting in touch with each other. According to the despatches of the 9th, the German line was almost continuous and fairly straight from a point on the Vistula below Plock, through Lowicz and Lodz, to a point near Piotrkow. The positions of the opposing armies between Piotrkow and Cracow are uncertain. The fighting seemed to be most intense about Lodz and Piotrkow.

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are known, the line D C can be determined. The more general theorem is: Given one side and the two adjacent angles, or two sides and their angle, a triangle can be constructed.

The farther the object C is removed from the base line A B, the nearer the two base angles approach right angles and the more difficult it is to determine the length of the line D C. This is a matter of common experience; we all find it easy to guess the distance of things near at hand. It is very much harder to tell whether a far-away church steeple is two, three, four, or ten miles off. Measuring distances by this method is called "triangulation;" it is used frequently in surveying and always in astronomy. It is obviously impossible to carry a tape measure to Mars, but we know its exact distance from day to day. Our eyes are much too close together to form workable angles on an object so far away, and in astronomy this difficulty is overcome by making the base line of the triangle as long as possible. The distances to the farthest stars are measured by observations taken from the opposite sides of the earth's orbit about the sun. This gives a base line of close to two hundred million miles.

The object of the range-finder is to do the same thing in a small way—*i. e.*, to put the eyes of the observer farther apart. The officer on the collapsible tower in an illustration in our picture section is using a field range-finder with a base line of about ten inches, which should be accurate up to six or seven miles. In the adjoining diagram A and B are the eye-pieces. C and D are pivots on which the two telescopic tubes C E and D F swing. There are mirrors at these two points which reflect the rays of light down the tubes C A and D B to the eyes. The distance from C to D is the base line. By turning the thumbscrews G the two telescopes are swung together or separated. When the target appears as one object in both glasses, the observer reads the angles from the semicircular graduated dial, H. He calls the result down to his assistants, and a rapid calculation, aided by prepared tables, gives the exact distance.

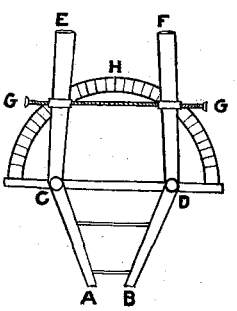

FIGURE II
Diagram of range-finder

If the cannon which is to shoot at the target was directly below the range-finder, the operation would be finished. But the gun may be miles away. However, its exact location is known. A new triangle is plotted. The line A B becomes the base of the new triangle; its length and direction are known. The range-finder has just worked out the direction and length of the line A C. The angle between these two lines is determined, and with a little trigonometry the length and direction of the line B C can be found.

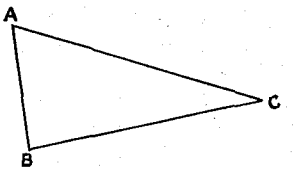

FIGURE III
Triangle by which the cannon is aimed. **A** is the range-finder; **B** is the cannon; **C** is the target

A message is telephoned to the man in the pit which runs like this: "Range, 9,136 feet; direction, 2½ degrees east of north." The telephone operator from his pit sings out the order to the gun crew. They screw up the muzzle of their gun till the indicator says 9,136, point her 2½ degrees to the east of north, and fire. They do not have to see the target at all. Unless some person has blundered the shot will fall true. A miss always means a human error, for a range-finder is never nearsighted, cross-eyed, or astigmatic.

In all probability the range-finder will be serving, not one, but a score of guns. They may be grouped somewhere in a "battery," but just as likely as not they will be scattered up and down a line ten miles long, each one at a different distance from the target. But if the mathematical work has been accurate, they all—on the basis of this one observation—ought to be able to drop their shells on the same spot. Practice never entirely comes up to theory, but the accuracy of modern gun-fire is one of the marvels of science.

The range-finder in the illustration in our picture section has a further complication which does not at all alter the general principle. It has vertical extensions which allow the observer to see over the top of his shelter without exposing his head to the enemy's sharpshooters.

WAR MYTHS

Once more it is announced—this time from Petrograd—that the Prussian Guard Corps has been wiped out. Only a week or so ago it was reported to have been annihilated by the English at Ypres. The newspapers have killed or seriously injured the German Crown Prince in half a dozen different places. They

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have several times retired von Moltke, the German Chief of Staff, in disgrace. And because the fantastic Russian victories they prophesied recently did not come off they have court-martialed General Rennenkampf. The new story is as readily believed as was the one just disproved.

One of the most persistent of these stories is the one about how the Germans, planning everything in advance, had gone to the expense of building factories with heavy concrete floors—ideal emplacements for their heavy siege guns—near every fortress in Europe. The history of this story is interesting. A few years before the war "Le Matin," of Paris, published a scare story to the effect that a Belgian locomotive factory near Maubeuge was really an enterprise of the German Government—a preparation for the siege that was to come. This story was reprinted by other French papers, including "Le Temps." The directors of the locomotive works brought suit for libel; they were able to prove that no German money was invested in their company, that it was a bona-fide industrial concern. "Le Matin" had to apologize. When the German troops began the siege of Maubeuge, "Le Matin" reprinted the story as though it were brand-new. Whether the company brought suit again or not I have not been able to learn. The story has had infinite variations. In the villa of a German merchant near Namur a tennis court made of concrete six feet deep was reported. The guns which reduced Antwerp were, according to report, placed on carefully prearranged concrete platforms—German factory sites. Even the Canadians have discovered a factory with concrete floors, one of the directors of the factory being of German origin. It is possible that some of these stories are true. But it is hardly credible that the Germans have made their preparations quite so thoroughly.

About the only stories from Europe which do not bear evidence of gross exaggerations are those dealing with the misery of the Belgians. Every reliable report which reaches us is more pitiful than its predecessors. A population about equal to that of New York State is on the verge of starvation. And that means that already the poorer people are dying from sheer lack of food.

On the evening of December 9 a despatch from London asserted that the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Leipzig had been sunk in the South Atlantic.

New York City, December 9, 1914.

THE WEEK

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Following the custom he has re-established, President Wilson delivered his annual Message to Congress last week in person. Beginning with some general considerations regarding the place which the United States occupies in a world at war, he took up in succession a few specific topics.

The one which he placed first in order was that of the use and conservation of our natural resources. He urged "that the water power of the country should, in fact as well as in name, be put at the disposal of great industries which can make economical and profitable use of it, the rights of the public being adequately guarded the while, and monopoly in the use prevented." This he urged as a debt not only "to the people of that great Western country for whose free and systematic development, as it seems to me, our legislation has done so little, but also to the people of the Nation as a whole." Fortunately, any uncertainty as to what these general recommendations might be interpreted to mean has been dispelled in advance by the measures sponsored by the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lane. Those measures are entirely in accord with the most informed and disinterested thought on the subject of the conservation of our natural resources.

The second subject for legislation which the President called to the attention of Congress is the extension of self-government for the Filipinos. He urged the passage of the Jones Bill, which has already been adopted by the House of Representatives and awaits action by the Senate.

He advocated, in the third place, the enactment of the shipping bill which would enable the United States to own and operate vessels in foreign commerce. The President declared that the Government must open the gates of trade before it is profitable for private capital to open them; "and then, when the carriage has become sufficiently profitable to attract and engage private capital, and

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engage it in abundance, the Government ought to withdraw."

He urged, in the fourth place, the postponement until a later session of the consideration of rural credits. The only other specific measures to which he called the attention of Congress were the confirmation of the international convention for safety at sea, and the measure for charting the Alaskan coast.

The President concluded his message by discussing two topics—one, economy in Government expenditure; the other, National defense. Economy he interpreted as not refraining from expenditure but refraining from extravagance.

THE PRESIDENT ON NATIONAL DEFENSE

In the discussion of the question of National defense the President's literary style seems to have thrown a veil over his thoughts. The effect of his treatment of this subject has been to impress many who believe in disarmament and the abandonment of any effort to maintain a strong navy and an efficient army with the conviction that the President supports their views. On the other hand, he apparently expresses a belief in the need of a strong navy and military efficiency. The country has taken pleasure in the nicety with which the President forms his phrases, but in this instance the occasion seems to us to call for clearness in expression rather than elegance.

The President assures the country that it does not wish to turn itself "into a military camp." That is palpably true. We are glad to record, however, that the President believes in the necessity for martial defense. He says that in National peril we should depend upon a "citizenry trained and accustomed to arms." He says that we should encourage training in the use of modern arms and in the rudiments of drill and maneuver, and the maintenance and sanitation of camps, and that "we should make such training as attractive as possible, and so induce our young men to undergo it at such times as they can command a little freedom and can seek the physical development they need, for mere health's sake, if for nothing more." He even says that "every means by which such things can be stimulated is legitimate, and such a method smacks of true American ideas." More than that, he adds: "A powerful navy we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense;" and "we shall take leave to be strong upon the seas in the future as in the past." In this we agree with President Wilson and not with President Jordan, who in a recent speech before the Economic Club of New York said that "a navy is good only for bringing American refugees home from Europe and for similar occasional errands."

The President asks the question—without answering it: When will the navy experts tell us just what kind of a navy we should construct, and "when will they be right for ten years together, if the relative efficiency of craft of different kinds and uses continues to change as we have seen it change under our very eyes in these last few months?" As the highest authority in the Nation, the President declares concerning National defense that "the country has been misinformed." We accept that statement as conclusive. It is because we believed that the country was at least not well informed that we have urged an adequate and exhaustive inquiry into the state of our National defense such as the National Security League advocates, and carried on under such circumstances as would bring the information to the people of the country. Now that the President says that the country has been misinformed, we think that there is the greater necessity for such investigation by a single authoritative body authorized by Congress. In an editorial in this issue the question of "National Defense" is discussed at greater length.

It is noteworthy, and perhaps significant, that at a time when anarchy in Mexico seems to be increasing, when reports of deaths to Americans from Mexican bullets are reappearing, and when artillery has been ordered to the Mexican border, the President says in his Message not a word about Mexican affairs.

WHAT OF THE NAVY?

Within very recent memory the American battle fleet had attained such a standard of effectiveness that it was able to perform successfully a task which no other navy in the world was even ready to attempt. In circumnavigating the world the American battle fleet demonstrated conclusively to our citizens the fact that it was ready to uphold to the limits of its physical capacity the doctrines and interests of the United States. To foreign nations the voyage of the battle fleet came as new and hardly credible testimony

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to the high state of efficiency which can be obtained in a democracy, without the sacrifice of governmental ideals.

Within the past few weeks evidence that the navy has suffered during the present Administration a deterioration in morale and preparedness (which in no way reflects upon the officers of the navy) has been brought to public attention in more ways than one. It is charged that the present Secretary of the Navy has, by his failure to grasp the rudimentary principles of military discipline, done immeasurable hurt to that spirit in the naval service which has long been its proud boast. It is charged that, owing to the manner in which the fleet has been handled from Washington during the progress of the Mexican situation, our ships and gunners have been denied proper opportunity for that most vital element in naval effectiveness—target practice. It is charged that our navy, which a few years ago could send a battle fleet around the world, out of the Atlantic fleet of twenty-one ships could muster but five ready for active maneuvers.

The Nation wants to know the truth of these charges. It is not enough to tell us that "a powerful navy we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense. . . . Our ships are our natural bulwarks. . . . We have not been negligent of National defense." In a democracy such as ours, if there are evils, they can be remedied only through the agency of an informed and intelligent public opinion. The open discussion of the state of our defenses is both the right and the duty of our public men and our public press. Let us have the facts.

THE PROGRESSIVE CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO

Leaders in the Progressive party from all over the Nation gathered in conference at Chicago early in the month. This was in accord with the precedent already established by the party in its conference after the election of 1912. There was some rumor, emphasized by partisan opponents of the Progressives, that there was a movement on foot to disband the party. It was a case of the wish being father to the thought. The action of the Conference was not such as to indicate that those rumors had any serious foundation. On the contrary, it was voted that the party should undertake a campaign of education in continuance of its former activities, and that its National Committee should meet on January 15, 1916, to fix the time and place for holding the party's National Presidential convention.

In its official statement it was announced that the party had polled an aggregate of more than 1,750,000 votes. It ascribed "the reactionary results of the recent elections" to "the industrial depression and the consequent reaction against the Democratic tariff." It declared that the people had repudiated the old method of making tariffs by log-rolling followed by both the Republican and Democratic parties, and declared that "the way to provide stable industrial conditions and business peace" was "to accept the principle of protection as a fixed National policy, and to take the tariff out of politics" by the creation of "a permanent expert non-partisan tariff commission."

GOOD BUSINESS!

We commend to attention as a bit of extremely good reading—clear, picturesque, entertaining even—Secretary Lane's report of a year's activities of the Interior Department. Would that all Public Documents (now a repellent, dry-as-dust name) were alive with energy, as this is; then, indeed, would there be a stronger impulse for carrying out a plan often advocated in The Outlook, that Governmental reports of public interest should be advertised by lists displayed in the post-offices, should be put in attractive form, and sold by mail at a nominal cost. Something like this is already done by the Agricultural Department. We wish that it might be carried further.

At the outset Mr. Lane gains attention by the way in which he groups three apparently unrelated things, all of unusual purport in the year's work—the passing of the Cherokee Nation, the opening of Alaska, and the legislation for Western development. They all, as he says, illustrate the newness of our country, the novelty of its problems, and the responsiveness of our Government.

The Cherokee Nation, with its senate and lower house, governor, laws, property, and authority, has ceased to exist, as was promised by treaty eighty years ago. These Indians are now American citizens, independent, responsible. "The way out," says Mr. Lane, "is gradually and wisely to put the Indian out." Said a Colorado Ute, "Indians ought to live like men, not boys;" and an Oklahoma Seminole writes, "No greater blessing could come to the Indian than to be compelled to think for himself." So, with a news text, the

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Secretary writes what is really a capital article—any magazine would be glad to have it—on the history, condition, and needs of the Indian.

So with the Alaskan situation. The Interior Department achieved a triumph last year in securing the passage of measures for a Government railway system and for leasing coal mines. What is the next step? "There is but one businesslike and adequate way of dealing with the removed affairs of so great a Territory, and that is by the creation of a new piece of administrative machinery, which I have designated descriptively as an Alaskan development board. Alaska should be administered as a unit by men upon her soil. In a report sent to Congress I have shown the confusion and curious admixture of official functions which now obtain as to Alaskan matters—a veritable Babel of official voices."

So, finally, with Western questions of reclamation, the mining of minerals, the measures that should be passed as to water power. One gets from the report clear statement, definite views, the evidence that the Department has plans and ideas, that it is moving forward, that what it has done "tells of the making of homes, the saving of lives and fortunes, the rise of industries, the struggle after hidden resources, and the measuring of those known, their preservation, and their utilization." Thus, to quote one of Mr. Lane's own illustrations, "to shorten the time in which a patent may be secured, either for an invention or a homestead, may not be as picturesque an achievement as to build a railroad or divert a river onto a parched plain, but they measure alike in the effort to so serve this Government that 'in America each is to have his chance.'"

Very journalistic in a good sense is the condensed record of "things done" by the nine bureaus or services of the Department—about seventy-five separate records of actual achievement—such as, under "Reclamation Service:" "1. Stored enough water in its various reservoirs to make a lake 50 miles long, 15 miles wide, and 10 feet deep." A graphic and effective method, this. Uncle Sam may well feel that in this Department of his affairs a business man is doing things in a businesslike way.

AMBASSADOR ROCKHILL

The death of Mr. Rockhill and the return to the United States of Mr. Herrick call attention to our recent record in diplomacy.

William Woodville Rockhill was an excellent example of the "scholar in politics." A student of instinctive refinement and with a vision bounded by nothing less than the whole world, young Rockhill found his proper place in our diplomatic service. That was just thirty years ago, and he was thirty years old. He went to Peking as Second Secretary of the Legation. But his time was by no means occupied with purely official duties. He made a study of the language of China, especially of the rural dialects. He became an authority on things Chinese. He then served as Secretary of Legation, as Chargé d'Affaires at Seoul, Korea; as Chief Clerk of the Department of State, Third Assistant Secretary, and First Assistant Secretary of State; Minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia; Director of the International Bureau of American Republics. In 1900 President McKinley appointed Mr. Rockhill Special Commissioner to China. That was a critical time for China, and Secretary Hay wanted a man there who knew the country and who had a sympathetic interest in the fortunes of its people. Therefore Mr. Hay induced Mr. McKinley to go outside the Republican party in order to get the best man to whom to intrust the duty of establishing Chinese administrative, territorial, and commercial integrity at a time when all the rest of the diplomatic world was scoffing at the idea. Mr. Hay triumphed, and a year later Mr. Rockhill signed for him the protocol which settled the Boxer troubles.

Mr. Rockhill became Minister to China, Ambassador to Russia, then Ambassador to Turkey. But his main work was done at Peking. He was a not unworthy successor of Anson Burlingame in China and Townsend Harris in Japan. Mr. Rockhill's services were of equal benefit to us and to the Chinese, and that keen observer President Yuan Shi-kai finally prevailed upon him to become adviser to the Chinese Republic. Mr. Rockhill was on his way to assume the duties of his new post when the end came. Had he been permitted to help guide the Chinese Republic, who shall say that he would not have rendered it as vital service as was rendered to Japan during many years by that other American diplomat in a like capacity, the lamented Henry Willard Denison?

AMBASSADOR HERRICK

Mr. Herrick's portrait on another page reveals lineaments both strong and kindly. Stéphane Lauzanne described his first appearance in Paris as that of "a good giant

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with curly hair, youthful look, and strangely expressive mouth."

Appointed by President Taft to succeed Mr. Robert Bacon as Ambassador to France, Mr. Herrick was retained by President Wilson in that position until the present time, first of all because there was difficulty in filling the place, but, second, because Mr. Herrick represented precisely the experience needed to cope with the situation abroad during the first part of the war. No matter how excellent a man Mr. Herrick's successor is, he does not represent the necessary experience, and, in our opinion, should not have been allowed to interfere with the work of an Ambassador who now returns to this country to give place to a new incumbent.

When the war broke out, Mr. Herrick had already established himself in the respect and affection of the French people. Shrewd, persistent, energetic, untiring, courteous, he had accomplished much to the credit of the American Government in France and the American colony in Paris.

After the war broke out he emphasized each of these services. He knew well how to be the representative of an entirely neutral country, and the German and Austrian Governments were glad that, in invoking the American Government's good offices in caring for their citizens and subjects in the belligerent countries, they could, in France, turn to a man of Mr. Herrick's fiber.

But the Ambassador's fame rests chiefly on his services to the American colony. Elihu Washburne represented us in Paris in a similar exigency. Mr. Herrick looked up the records to see what Minister Washburne did in 1871. But Mr. Herrick knew precisely what to do. At the outbreak of war the American colony in Paris consisted of from seven thousand to eight thousand persons. Perhaps three thousand of these wanted to get home, but half of them seemed to be suddenly without means, and the other half could not get enough funds from their letters of credit and travelers' checks. There were signs of hysteria. Mr. Herrick calmed the fears of the alarmed, inducing many not to be in a hurry. He secured financial accommodations and transportation, and he did all these things because his own life at home as a banker had told him just what to do, and because his kindly nature told him just how to do it.

Alone of the Ambassadors in Paris, Mr. Herrick chose to stay in the capital when the Government fled to Bordeaux. His service since then has been more than ever vital, for it has been a service not only to Americans, but especially, in organizing a new hospital service, to humanity.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR

Still in the chancelleries of Europe the question as to what nation is responsible for the war is being discussed and argued. At the opening of the second war session of the German Reichstag Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Chancellor of the Empire, made a speech placing the responsibility secondarily on Russia but primarily on Great Britain. "London could have made war impossible," he asserted, "if she had declared without ambiguity to Petrograd that Great Britain would not allow a Continental war to develop from the Austro-Servian conflict." The Chancellor seems to have overlooked the double edge to this argument; for it is equally true that war would have been impossible if Berlin had declared to Vienna that Germany would not allow a Continental war to develop from Austria's controversy with Servia.

A few days later the former Premier of Italy, Giovanni Giolitti, in a speech to the Italian Parliament, revealed an episode of a year ago last August which had bearing on the present war. He said that in August, 1913, Austria notified the Italian Government by telegram that she intended to make war on Servia; and at that time, in response to Austria's inquiry about Italy's attitude, he, as Prime Minister, and the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis di San Giuliano, agreed in telling Austria that, as such a war would be a war of aggression and not of defense, Italy would not be bound by the Triple Alliance to aid Austria, and would therefore remain neutral. "It is necesary to declare this to Austria in the most formal manner," said Signor Giolitti to the Foreign Minister at that time, "hoping that Germany will act to dissuade Austria from a very dangerous adventure." This interpretation of the Triple Alliance, Signor Giolitti explained to the Italian Parliament, was accepted by Germany and Austria. The statement is not only important as confirming the general opinion expressed before the war that Italy would not aid the other two members of the Triple Alliance in aggressive warfare, but is also significant as evidence of Austria's and Germany's plans that will help to sustain the verdict already reached by

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neutral peoples concerning the responsibility for this war.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT

At the sitting of the Italian Parliament at which Signor Giolitti's important speech was delivered, some of the speakers attributed Italy's neutrality to lack of military preparation. In reply the Premier, Signor Salandra, declared the Italian army and navy "to be ready for any event," and that for this preparation the present Government and its predecessor had "assumed grave responsibilities which Parliament will be able to judge later from documents, but not now."

Speaking from the point of view of the navy, which he had formerly represented in the Cabinet, Admiral Bettolo indorsed what the Premier had said about military preparation; and he added:

> Our neutrality must be strongly armed, so as to enable us to defend the supreme interests of the country if they are threatened or unrecognized. Our neutrality should be an expression of Italy's diplomatic and military power.

The Government was then sustained by an emphatic and significant vote of confidence—413 to 49.

One sometimes talks about the "emotional Italians." They can be emotional on occasion. But they produce cautious statesmen just the same.

GOETHALIZING THE BARGE CANAL

Governor-elect Whitman, of New York, is to be congratulated on his policy for the great barge canal and his success in the first step for putting that policy into effect. He has secured as Director of Public Works the former Chief of Staff of the United States army.

The decision to abandon the old Erie Canal and construct—largely in its place—a thousand-ton barge canal was a great undertaking on behalf of domestic commerce; but it also was an invitation to graft. Unfortunately the construction of that canal has been used as a source from which the two parties have sought rewards for supporters. There has been scandal and inefficiency. Now the newly elected Governor is doing the best thing he can to pledge an abandonment of that bad old state of things by going in his search for the chief constructor of the canal to the same field in which President Roosevelt found the chief constructor of the Panama Canal—the United States army. If General Wotherspoon can do for the barge canal what Colonel Goethals did for the Panama Canal, he will cap his military service by a service of another kind but no less great.

A NEW YORK STATE APPOINTMENT OF NATIONAL INTEREST

Governor Glynn recently made one appointment, that of Thomas Mott Osborne to the wardenship of Sing Sing Prison, which has attracted National attention. No less significant of the growing trend towards finding the man to fit the office is his appointment of John J. Dillon to the head of New York State's new Bureau of the Department of Food and Markets. A portrait of Mr. Dillon appears in this week's illustrated section.

As publisher of the "Rural New Yorker" Mr. Dillon has been engaged for many years in an active effort to educate the public in the economic problems of farm life and in bringing consumer and farmer into closer touch. The function and the ideal of the new Bureau of which Mr. Dillon has been made the head he has summarized as follows: "The Bureau of the Department of Food and Markets is to find a profitable market for the products of the farm in the State of New York, and at the same time to devise such an economic system of distribution of farm food products that through the saving thus brought about the farmer may receive more and the consumer may pay less."

As any one familiar with the problems of farming and distribution will readily see, it is a very large order which Mr. Dillon has undertaken. If he is successful, the lessons which will be learned from his efforts to better conditions in New York State should prove of immense value to the country at large. The organization of the selling and buying of farm products in so large a share of the great territory tributary to New York City as will come under the observation and direction of this new Bureau possesses almost limitless possibilities for good.

With present conditions in mind, it has been shown by careful statistics that if the producer can receive from the consumer but seventy-five per cent of what the consumer now pays to the retailer the man on the farm will receive thirty per cent more than at present.

In striving to approximate this condition of

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direct dealing between country and city, the new department should prove a vital factor in decreasing the high cost of living, and at the same time enable such farmers as use good judgment and care in handling and packing their goods to receive a just compensation for their labor.

At the present time there is a great complaint about the figures given as representing actual transactions in the market. Among other things that will fall to the duty of the new Bureau will be the publication of daily statements as to prices paid for farm products in all the large cities of New York State. In the past price statements have been purposely manipulated in order to induce large shipments or to enable dealers to buy produce at less than its proper value. Later it is intended to have agents of the Bureau whose duty it will be to protect the interest of shippers by inspection of produce as it arrives in the city markets, and also agents who shall instruct farmers as to the proper methods of preparing their goods for sale. As time goes on, perhaps the new Bureau may be instrumental in establishing and developing terminal markets in which shippers can receive fairer treatment and have better control over their own goods than is at present possible.

One of the greatest problems in the distribution of farm produce in New York State arises from the fact that New York City is not only the State's greatest consumer, but is a great factor in the distribution of food as well. The fact that there is such an immense quantity of food pouring in upon New York City gives to the handlers and commission men opportunity for the fixing of prices unwarranted by the laws of supply and demand. In many instances farm products are sent from the interior of the State to New York and then reshipped to other cities as far west as Utica or Binghamton. Thus there are double charges for transportation for commission men and dealers. The expected remedy for this lies in the building up of local markets throughout the State, so that home-grown products may be delivered directly to their final destination. There is a wide field, too, for the new Bureau in the organization of buying clubs and co-operative associations of farmers.

This State Bureau, which begins work with such high promise under the administration of Mr. Dillon, is in a large measure different from anything else of its kind in the country. Similar bureaus do exist, for instance, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, but the New York Bureau is organized on what promises to be a broader and more effective basis. Taken in connection with the new Land Bank Law, it represents a great advance in agricultural legislation.

THE FRANK CASE

At a time when men are being killed by thousands in war the question whether one man shall live or die seems at first comparatively unimportant. But there are times when the death of one man may be of more consequence to the future welfare of the race than the loss of a regiment or an army corps. In the case of Leo M. Frank, convicted of murder and sentenced to death, there is more than the life of one man at stake.

In April, 1913, a peculiarly atrocious murder was committed in Atlanta, Georgia. A young man, an official of the factory in which the crime was committed, was accused, arrested, and tried. The victim was a young girl, an employee in the factory. His case was tried not only in the court but in the newspapers of the city. His guilt was taken for granted. A great many of the working people of the city were aroused to indignation by their belief that in the commission of this crime the victim suffered because she was a defenseless working-girl who was at the mercy of her employer. This indignation was intensified by the belief that in American courts of law the well-to-do criminal has an advantage which the poor do not enjoy. As a consequence of this popular indignation, confirmed by the reports in the press of the city, the trial was conducted under circumstances that made it an event of National interest. It is only fair to add that some of the local newspapers have endeavored to make amends by advocating a new trial. The Outlook has received from trustworthy citizens of Atlanta accounts of the conditions surrounding that trial which confirm certain significant facts in the record. It is well within bounds to say that this trial was conducted in the presence of a mob hostile to the prisoner, and that the temper of that mob affected the conduct of the case. So pronounced was the popular feeling that it was deemed best to keep the prisoner out of the court-room when the verdict was rendered, for fear that some bodily harm might be done to him. The case was appealed. The trial judge,

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when asked to order a new trial, explicitly said that after hearing the case he did not know whether the prisoner was guilty or innocent. Judge Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court, in denying a writ for a new trial, said, after reviewing the statement of facts, "I very seriously doubt if the petitioner has had due process of law." The reason why the prisoner was not allowed a new trial was a technical one, namely, that his counsel did not bring up the question of the prisoner's absence when the verdict was rendered at the right stage of the course of proceedings.

The Outlook does not undertake to pass judgment upon the merits of the case. That is not the function of any newspaper. How seriously a reasonable man who reads the story of this crime may question the justice of the verdict has nothing to do with the point which we make. The point is this: Guilty or not, a prisoner has a right to a fair and impartial trial. The guiltiest criminal in a civilized community cannot be put to death by a mob without peril to order and civilization, and if a court trial is dominated by the mob spirit to such an extent that it is not safe for the prisoner to be present when the jury pronounces the verdict, the same kind of peril is threatened.

Technicalities have in other cases stood in the way of bringing criminals to justice. In this case technicalities have stood in the way of securing for a prisoner a trial which in circumstance and atmosphere would be really judicial. It is reported that another appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States is contemplated. If that fails, the only possible action will rest with the Pardon Board and the Governor of Georgia.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE OF A PRISON COMMUNITY

When such a man as Thomas Mott Osborne undertakes, in a spirit of public service, the necessary but painful task of directing a prison, he is inevitably at once subjected to attacks. The interests that profit by the exploitation of prison labor, the corrupt elements in political circles, and in general those who look upon a prison as a chance for exploitation, are of course opposed to any honest and disinterested administration of prison affairs. In addition there are those who regard all attempts to consider the welfare of the prisoners in the administration of prisons as indications of sentimentality. Naturally, therefore, Mr. Osborne encountered criticism before he had been warden of Sing Sing Prison two days. It would not be worthy of consideration except for the fact that it called out a very interesting and significant statement from Mr. Osborne himself.

In the attempt to discredit Mr. Osborne it was stated that his interest and activity in improving the conditions at Auburn Prison had resulted in demoralization. Whoever made this charge rendered a public service because it elicited from Mr. Osborne the following interesting account of what really happened:

"These charges ingeniously purport to show that the worst prisoners and degenerates were allowed to associate freely with visitors in the course of public entertainments. Take the instance of misrepresentation about the pocket-picking on Columbus Day. A man who flourished a roll of bills before prisoners in the yard on that day (and actually, I think, deserved to lose his money) had his pocket picked of $42.

"The writer, who thinks this was such an awful thing, does not go on to tell that the officers of the Mutual Welfare League, the prisoners' self-governing body, on learning of the theft, detected the culprit, caused him to confess, and restored the money. Now I do not know how others may be impressed by this, but it seems to me that the action following the theft—and really a provoked theft—constitutes a sort of vindication of our attempt to incorporate self-government. Certainly the prison authorities would never have been able to detect the culprit nor recover the money."

There are some communities situated well outside prison walls in which neither the moral sense nor the efficiency of the inhabitants is quite up to the standard set by these prisoners at Auburn. The community which allows an official who has misappropriated funds to escape prosecution—as has been the case in more than one American community—either because personal considerations were allowed to overcome the public interests or because the problem was regarded not as a moral one but as merely a problem of business, to be settled according to the least expense, might well take a lesson in public morals from this community of prisoners.

The old idea that the prison was merely a place in which men could be offered as

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sacrifices to the moral indignation of society, if not to its vindictiveness, is fast giving way before the idea of the prison as a place in which the moral sense of the community is vindicated by the reform of the prisoner and his cure from the moral ills that have made him a prisoner. It is this newer and more intelligent idea that Mr. Osborne is undertaking to embody in the administration of Sing Sing Prison. The Outlook expects soon to publish an account of the work done and undertaken by this practical man of ideals.

MR. LOW ON GOVERNMENT REGULATION OF MINING

When the Hon. Seth Low rose to read his opening address as President of the National Civic Federation on Friday, December 4, in New York City, immediate interest was aroused as to whether his survey of the year's event would include the Colorado mining strike, and, if so, whether the public at large would be afforded an inkling as to Mr. Low's position in the controversy.

Since his appointment by the President as chairman of a Board of Mediation to act in the Colorado mine troubles this was Mr. Low's first opportunity to make known his sympathies, and his words were naturally awaited with respect and curiosity.

Probably Mr. Low was completely aware of the attention focused upon his speech, and for that reason took refuge in dwelling upon the unsound economic conditions obtaining in the mining industry. But it was significant that he dwelt on the necessity for Governmental regulation in the following words: "There is no manner of doubt that much greater safety to the miner and much more thorough mining operations can be secured in this country by Government regulation, just as it has been so secured in Europe;" and, "It is not just that the present generation should obtain its coal more cheaply at the expense of the lives and limbs of miners, and of making coal more costly for generations following, because of the slovenliness with which present-day mining is carried on. If, then, economic conditions are unsound, so that the companies which do the mining cannot afford to mine safely and thoroughly and to pay good wages, the conflict of the unions with the employers easily degenerates into violence."

Very probably Mr. Low was familiar with, and his remarks were based upon, the figures given in the report of the Federal Bureau of Mines for the year 1913, in which it is stated that 3,631 people were killed in mines and quarries in the past year, and 100,000 were injured, and the added report of the Director of the Bureau, Mr. J. H. Holmes, that such losses, even considering the hazardous nature of the industry, were exorbitant and unnecessary. Therefore, remembering his recent appointment, it is an important factor in the situation that Mr. Low believes that "the motive of laboring men for forming unions is not primarily a desire for power, but a desire to improve the conditions of life and work of workingmen."

On the initiative of the Executive Board of the United Mine Workers, the striking miners in Colorado voted last week to end the strike. This action was taken, the Executive Board states, in view of the urgent request of the President that the strike be terminated. This action is in accord with the miners' acceptance of the President's plan for establishing a commission to settle the trouble. The operators, on the other hand, have failed to acquiesce in the plan or to cooperate in any practical way. The Board of Mediation, of which Mr. Low is chairman, is not by any means relieved of its task; for it was appointed by the President, not merely to deal with this strike, but also "to create the instrumentality by which like troubles and disputes may be amicably and honorably settled in the future."

THE POLICE AS SOCIAL WORKERS

To make a social worker out of a uniformed policeman, to destroy the familiar concept of the police force as wielding the big stick with one hand while the other is outstretched for graft—in other words, to use scientific methods and common sense in planning the scope and possibilities of the Police Department, while at the same time insisting upon vigorous action against habitual criminals—that is the present policy of New York City's new Police Commissioner, as set forth by Mr. Henry Bruère, the City Chamberlain, before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers at their annual meeting in New York on December 3.

The title of the speech, "The Future of the Police Arm from an Engineering Standpoint," gave small promise of its novel context. It was only when Mr. Bruère went on to develop the plan by which the new Commissioner, Mr. Arthur Woods, hoped to make

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of New York's policemen an efficient remedial, rather than punitive, force that his hearers' complacent attention gave way to careful interest. Mr. Bruère prefaced his remarks with the statement that a city's police department has hitherto concerned itself with the punishment of crime, with little or no heed to the obverse duty of prevention—"in other words, police work has been directed to repairing the wear and tear of social friction instead of to obviating the causes of friction."

Just what such frictional causes may be Mr. Bruère believes should be the work of the police force to determine, and already the department is in possession of valuable material on the subject in the shape of records of arrests, of crime investigation and disposition, and in the note-books and reports of policemen and detectives. This material is for the first time to be made available as social data by a trained statistician who will study these reports and memoranda with a view to utilizing every member of the force as an agent for gathering facts respecting unemployment, destitution, improper guardianship, drunkenness, etc.

The City Chamberlain struck a note of immediate interest to all his hearers when he stated that "no American police department has ever analyzed its records to correlate degrees of unemployment with perpetuation of crime, even though that department is the logical agency to call the attention of the community to the need for taking immediate steps to mitigate abnormal unemployment."

To the casual thinker the relation of a city's police force to its recreation centers would seem absurd, but its logic became apparent when Mr. Bruère told how New York's Police Commissioner had obtained from patrolmen and their officers suggestions as to the use of vacant lots for playgrounds and the closing during certain hours of streets used by the children for play. He showed how the very making of such suggestions by policemen themselves and their enforcement tends to bring about a psychological change in the attitude of the patrolman to his community, and flattered his audience by pronouncing such methods to be upon a scientific basis on a line with the work of engineers themselves in handling problems under their charge.

From unemployment Mr. Bruère passed to a report in regard to crime prevention recently submitted to Commissioner Woods from five inspectors in his department, wherein the subject of truancy was considered, and he quoted from that report as follows: "This committee believes that the origin of youthful criminality is non-attendance at school. . . . Your committee strongly recommends that an order be promulgated to the force directing that the patrolman on post take into custody and convey to the principal of the nearest boys' school all boys of age required by law to attend school." "Here," said Mr. Bruère, "is the first concrete example that has come to my attention of an effort on the part of a police organization to anticipate crime by dealing with some of the conditions that are known to breed crime."

Mr. Bruère evidently believes that, just as with the human body, so the body politic prefers to swallow its preventive ounce rather than to face worse medicine at a later day; for in a discussion which followed he made the prophecy that, as in modern medicine preventive methods have displaced the curative, so eventually prevention of crime, rather than its repression, will come to be the important work of every police department.

STARVATION IN BELGIUM

The Hon. Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, is thus reported in a despatch just at hand:

I can assure you there is no ground for the alarm reported in your telegram this morning that soldiers billeted in houses are fed with food provided by our Commission. The German authorities are respecting our work and are keeping all their engagements, and the organization of the Commission, with its almost scientific methods of distribution, is such that it is practically impossible for our food to go to any but the suffering portion of the population.

Hoover [Herbert C. Hoover, Chairman of the American Commission for Relief] has all the details of the organization, and I am sure he can convince any person that no better method can be devised to meet this great emergency. He and I feel satisfied that a humanitarian end is being subserved by the system that every morning provides each hungry person with food sufficient for that day's need, and no more.

Mr. Hoover reports as follows:

It is difficult to state the position of the population without appearing hysterical. Seven million people are surrounded by a ring of steel and are utterly unable to save themselves. . . .

The Germans state that the people of Belgium are normally dependent on imports for five-sixths of their subsistence. The Germans have

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not the slightest objection to the Belgians or any one else importing foodstuffs into Belgium. It was not the Germans who blocked the over-sea supply. There is no obligation on them to feed a population which could through the normal course of trade obtain subsistence.

The Allies, on the other hand, contend that a free port for the importation of foodstuffs would be practically a warehouse for supplies for the Germans. Thus 7,000,000 of people are ground between two gigantic millstones.

We are meeting with no obstruction by the military authorities. Not a loaf of bread nor a spoonful of salt has been taken, and stringent orders have been given that we are not to be interfered with. We meet with respect and assistance from all quarters.

MORE SHIPS TO BELGIUM

Mr. Hoover declares that within thirty days every person will be dependent upon the Commission. To make this clearer he thus describes Belgium:

An industrial country dependent upon over-sea supplies is now walled up. Seventy per cent of the people are idle. There are no telegraphs, telephones, railways, or post-offices working except for military purposes. The Belgians, because of military necessity, are not allowed to leave their own towns, and consequently there is no communication throughout the country except by personal visits of our members. Transportation by rail is possible only in a few directions on account of the military necessities.

The wonderful canal system is blocked in many places by the destruction of bridges, and some of the canals have been allowed to run dry. It has become part of our business to get these cleared, and to stimulate the subsidiary transport services of the country, so as to move food and permit the transport of coal from the mines, which will be a sore necessity this winter.

From another part of the report we learn that those who can do so pay four cents a day for food tickets; those who cannot pay get them for nothing.

The commercial authorities contribute a cent a day for each person receiving food tickets, and with the subscriptions received the Commission is able to pay for half its foodstuffs. Thus, if Americans contribute two ship-loads of supplies, the Commission can buy one more.

It is a satisfaction, therefore, to chronicle present and future sailings of ships with supplies. The Agamemnon and the Orn, with supplies, have just sailed from New York and Philadelphia, respectively, and the Maskinonge and the St. Kentigren are now loading in Jersey City. The latter ships will carry cargoes valued at more than $500,000. But a still more striking item for chronicle is the announcement that within the next few days the steamship Washington, carrying about $300,000 worth of supplies from the States of Oregon and Washington, will sail for Rotterdam from Seattle, via the Panama Canal.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THRIFT IN OHIO

Nearly one thousand boys and girls of Ohio, in four special trains, were recently sent on a tour which embraced the cities of Washington, Philadelphia, and New York as a reward for their proficiency in agriculture and domestic science. Their expenses were paid in part by the State of Ohio and in part by various Chambers of Commerce and other civic, commercial, and agricultural societies in Ohio. The people of Ohio have found that it pays to encourage thrift and industry in their children, for since these "corn tours," as they are called, were started, the annual value of the corn crop of Ohio has become about twenty million dollars more than it formerly was.

Corn-raising is not the only pursuit which Ohio rewards by a free ticket on one of these annual tours, but it is the principal contest for the boys—the object being to raise the greatest possible number of bushels to the acre. The girls compete in such branches of domestic science as home beautifying, dressmaking, jelly-making, and other branches of culinary art.

This small army of juvenile sightseers was organized on a military basis, being divided into "companies" in charge of "captains." About two hundred adult citizens of Ohio went along to share in the fun.

At Washington these young agronomists saw the President and other high officials of the Government and made a side trip to historic Mount Vernon, and at Philadelphia and New York they saw about everything worth seeing, and were banqueted and feasted to the danger of their health.

The happiest member of the entire "Corn Army" was Arnet Rose, sixteen years old, the champion corn-grower of the party. His record is 156 bushels and 47 pounds of shell corn from one acre of ground. The average yield throughout the United States is slightly under forty bushels to the acre.

The value of such an institution as this annual tour of boys and girls from the farms

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of Ohio lies in the fact that it teaches these young agriculturists the importance of their position in relation to the rest of the community. A farmer who raises only enough produce to keep himself alive is of little value, but a farmer who gets enough out of his ground to feed himself and another is an asset to society.

A MODERN WAR MINSTREL

When their army was in Manchuria nine years ago, the Japanese reversed the old method, and not only permitted but encouraged all manner of communication between the homes of the soldiers and the men in the field. Letters, cards, flowers, cigarettes, were sent constantly. The Emperor wrote poems which were read to the men; and every effort was made to give the soldiers the feeling that they were in the hearts and minds of the nation they were serving.

At the Battle of Hastings, Taillefer, the minstrel, climbed the hill ahead of the bands of knights and their retainers, singing the great "Song of Roland," the most stirring battle-song of the Middle Ages. The French of to-day are not overlooking the inspiration of art, even when the practice of it, for the time, is in the background of public interest. The New York "Sun" reports that Theodore Botrel, a Breton poet, has been sent by the Minister of War to the fighting line, and that for a number of weeks past this picturesque Breton minstrel, whom it describes as looking, with his long hair, his wide hat with flying ribbons, like a painted figure on a piece of Breton pottery, has been passing, staff in hand, from camp to camp singing stirring ballads to the soldiers confined to the ditches. They gather in any place where there is room or shelter for them, an impromptu platform is put up, and the poet recites his songs, some in the Breton dialect, some in pure French, but all inspired by intense patriotism and full of Gallic fire. He shares the fortunes of war so far as personal comfort are concerned, seldom sleeping in a bed, moving from place to place, always in good spirits, and always cheering the troops by the sentiment and courage of his songs. Some of them have a touch of humor as to the Germans; many of them, like "The Soldier's Letter to his Grandmother," have a touch both of fun and sentiment. Wherever he goes he is adored after the French fashion; and in that terrible strain on body and mind which is produced by the new conditions under which the men are fighting, the Breton singer may be worth, as Mr. Norton once said of Lowell at a critical period in the Civil War, an army corps.

FOOTBALL AND THE MORALE OF SOLDIERS

For several years thoughtful observers in European military circles have been dissatisfied with the ordinary routine of military drill, because of its inevitable tendency to reduce the men to mere cogs in a machine. To be sure, the perfectly working machine is capable of terrific efficiency at times, but in the last analysis it is the men behind the guns that matter most. In battle, as elsewhere in human affairs, it is character that counts. The steel of a man's will may be worth more than the steel in his hand. In short, the able fighting man must be equipped not only with a vigorous and well-trained body but with such qualities as daring, initiative, resourcefulness, and pluck. But how may such attributes be developed during the soldier's life in barracks?

The question is discussed at length in a very remarkable book, "The Education of a Warrior," recently published in Paris. The author, Commandant V. Demars, is a veteran officer in the French artillery, and he has made it his life-work to study and apply the best methods of education for the young recruits under his command. He declares unreservedly that the best means of developing the *morale* of the men are to be found in hard cross-country riding and in football.

In 1896, after some preliminary service, the young Lieutenant Demars was sent to the cavalry school at Saumur to complete his own education in horsemanship. An important part of the course was practice in steeplechasing and hard cross-country riding over courses artfully contrived to present unforeseen difficulties to man and steed. Lieutenant Demars was enchanted. Here was an admirable means, he felt, for rousing in his men the spiritual qualities of daring, ability to meet unforeseen emergencies, and unflinching courage in the face of peril.

But admirable as such practice is for officers, there are difficulties in its application to the training of the troops, as the enthusiastic lieutenant soon discovered. In the first place, not all the men are provided with mounts

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even in the artillery, since some of the gunners go into action riding on the gun-carriage. Secondly, the thoroughbred horses at Saumur are very different from the less spirited mounts furnished the troopers. The latter are easier to control, on the one hand, and are less gallant in attacking obstacles, on the other. Hence the enthusiast found it necessary to cast about for something to supplement hard riding as a means of educating the soldier's pluck and determination. Three years later he found it when he took part in a game of football, just then beginning to come into favor in France. His own words as to the impression made on him are exceedingly interesting:

"One fine day a comrade invited me to take part in a game of Rugby football. I perceived when I myself shared in this sport, so difficult if one wishes to acquire great skill, that it has, on the other hand, the merit of being capable of being taught to beginners in a few lessons, and being rapidly acquired in its rudiments. Such rapidity is essential to every sport meant for army use.

"Subsequently I perceived—a far more interesting thing—that the dominant idea of Rugby football is struggle, the struggle of a collective will against another collective will. It is, then, in its very essence, a school of the will. Herein I made a discovery of capital importance for my system of education. I learned, too, by my own experience, that this schooling of the will takes place in the midst of fear and danger. No one who has not played football can form an exact idea of the violent emotions felt by the player, nor an approximate notion of the courage necessary to carry the ball, despite very real dangers, into the adversary's goal."

This was in 1899, and Commandant Demars affirms that the game he then introduced into the French army has met all his hopes. Furthermore, he finds that it has one point in which it is superior to the most dare-devil riding—it is, namely, an excellent school of discipline in the collective effort we call teamwork. The captain's will is law and is obeyed unswervingly. Commandant Demars also makes the interesting observation that in playing the game the men "gradually lose that rage for individualism which is the defect of the French temperament," learning to fight for the triumph of their own side as a whole instead of for personal glory. We are indebted for the excerpts quoted to "La Bibliothèque Universelle" of Lausanne.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

To say that the United States should be ready to maintain its integrity and its vital interests by adequate organization of its physical strength seems to The Outlook both logical and wise.

To say that the United States should abandon all attempt to protect its existence by military means, all attempts to share in the maintenance and creation of standards of international justice, seems to us equally logical, but in this present day and generation all too obviously unwise.

To advocate our present policy of military unpreparedness, under which we maintain an army without a reserve, build forts that we barely garrison, and support a navy whose efficiency we suffer to become the football of partisan incompetence—the while we continue to intermeddle in foreign affairs, to profess allegiance to policies and doctrines we have not strength to uphold—seems to us not only unwise but distressingly illogical.

Let us either put our army and navy upon a common-sense basis, balanced, organized, and equipped for the task that confronts them, or let us withdraw from the Philippines, turn over the Panama Canal to Siam, and forget that we once had a President by the name of Monroe. There are very few advocates of disarmament who are willing to follow their professions to this logical conclusion.

Against adopting the necessary alternative, however, many very sincere people are raising serious objections—objections which are not infrequently based upon a misreading of the past and upon a misunderstanding of present needs. "To discuss the question of an adequate armament," the President has told us, "is to invite the hostility of other nations and to destroy our value as a neutral in the coming settlement of the European war." "To prepare for war is the sole cause of war," the New York "Evening Post" affirms, forgetful of the fact that the most consistently unprepared of all the great nations of Christendom has in the hundred-odd years of its existence engaged in at least seven foreign campaigns and been torn almost asunder by the greatest civil war of history. Still others, drawing their argument from frontier life, are heard to say, "A nation armed is like a man who 'totes a gun.'" It is always on a hunt for trouble. To say this is to be oblivious to the fact that the practice of gun-toting has never been any-

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where abandoned prior to the organization of a police force equipped not only with authority to speak for the community as a whole, but power to act for the community as well.

Wars are not caused by preparedness or unpreparedness. Germany, the best prepared of all nations, is now fighting the bitterest battles of recorded history. The United States, the most unprepared of great nations, under the leadership of professed anti-militarists, within the past few months invaded the chief coastal city of a neighboring State, killed a hundred or two of her citizens, and occupied her territory until it pleased us to withdraw. If this was not war, then war by any other (official) name looks very similar. The fact that for this task we provided a force inadequate to insure the least possible loss of life, that the object by which the attack was justified has never been attained, does not alter the case in the least.

Wars are caused by ignorance, self-interest, and injustice on the part of one or both of the belligerent nations. To prepare to protect ourselves from the ignorance, the self-interest, and the injustice of others is in no way to lose sight of the demands of that ideal of knowledge, world democracy, and international justice to which we, as a people, have dedicated the United States. Perhaps the arguments of those who would revise the historic watchword, "In union there is strength," to read, "In weakness there is strength," appear most irrational when applied to internal and domestic (in two senses of the word) affairs.

No man and no woman seeks a helpmate who is so weak as to be incapable of injustice and tyranny. The ideal husband is not found in the man too feeble to beat his wife; he is found in the man whose self-control, whose sense of responsibility, whose devotion, makes such an action unthinkable. No citizen desires to live in a community the police force of which is merely too weak to deprive him of life or liberty. The civic organization that depended upon such a theory for its existence would soon have no existence on which to hang a theory. Why, in turn, should our several communities desire to be united in an impotent nation?

The most convenient of all things to forget are the underlying commonplaces of daily life. "Force has no place in my existence," says the citizen whose money provides the police that guard his home and the soldier that protects him from civil insurrection, and whose government rests not only upon the consent of the governed, but also upon the power to make that consent a valid fact. "We have now reached a time in the world's history when the American Nation can trust to the righteousness of its conduct for the protection of its existence," says the same citizen, ignoring not only the terrible conflict across the sea, the equally ascertainable fact that we ourselves have not yet reached an impeccable standard of international justice, and the further fact that even such domestic and civil protection as we now enjoy represents but a recent triumph of our civilization.

For less than a century has the world known the existence of a properly organized civil and domestic police. Signs are not wanting that to-morrow this machine for the enforcement of law, order, and public policy may be extended to international affairs. Meanwhile for every nation there is the imperative duty of guarding its existence by the proper development of its own resources for defense, and the doubly imperative duty of so acting towards its neighbor nations as to further the cause of international order, security, and justice.

The mind that sees in such a proposal the triumph of materialism seems to us a mind blind to the teachings of both personal and political experience. Not to the tool, but to the mind behind the tool, must the judgment of praise and blame be given.

> "Oh, it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."

Let us have the courage, character, and wisdom to be both strong and just.

THE BARBARISM OF WAR

Jesus, in a characteristically epigrammatic passage, defines the difference between paganism and Christianity:

> Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

The difference between paganism and Christianity is not between the names they use for God, nor between the forms they

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employ in worship, nor between their respective philosophies of religion: it is a difference in their estimate of the values of life. Paganism values power as a means of exercising authority; Christianity values power as a means of rendering service. Nor is this merely an ethical difference. Paganism reveres God because of his power and authority, and is a religion of fear. Christianity reveres God because of his love and his freely offered service to his children, and is a religion of loyalty and hope.

"Struggle for existence, survival of the fittest," is the law of the jungle. But even in the jungle a higher law appears: "Struggle for others, salvation of the unfit." It appears in the devotion of the tigress to her cubs; in the brooding of her eggs by the mother bird and in the foraging for the fledgling brood by the father bird.

Savage man just emerging from the animal is at first more animal than man. He accepts the law of the jungle as his law. Only in gradually developing forms does the higher law appear. First in the family: the father hunts and fishes for the mother and the children; the mother labors and drudges for the children and the father—to them she devotes her life; for the children not infrequently she sacrifices her life. The struggle for others and the salvation of the feeble intermingle with and modify the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

By insensible degrees this higher law, born in the family, pervades the life outside the family. The warrior fights not merely for himself, not merely for his home; he fights for his tribe. For others than himself he endures hardships, bears burdens, suffers; if need be, dies. So patriotism is born. The comrade falls at his side in battle. The warrior lifts the wounded up and bears him away to a place of safety, binds up with a rude kind of surgery his wounds, and nurses him back into life. So philanthropy is born. As savagery diminishes and civilization emerges man discovers that ignorance brings disaster to the family and to the community; that the untaught man cannot do his share in the service of the community. In order to hunt, to war, to fish, to make the garments for his body and the blanket for his bed and the wigwam for his shelter, he must learn. So education is born.

Thus gradually out of the savagery of the jungle grows up the civilized state. It is equipped with farms, factories, railways, shops, banks, courts of justice, with hospitals and asylums for the handicapped, with schools and colleges for the ignorant—all instruments of power for use in service. A police is organized to protect the individuals from wrong threatened within the state; an army is organized to protect the individuals from wrong threatened from without the state. The police and the army are necessary adjuncts of the civilized state because they are necessary to protect what the state holds dear—the lives, the liberties, the properties, and the sacred honor of its citizens. But if the army is organized, equipped, and used, not for the protection of the state, but for the conquest of other states, and if the police is used, not to protect the unprotected against the aggressions of the strong, but to enable the strong to exploit the weak, it is a barbaric state. For the test which determines whether a state is civilized or barbaric is this: Does it value power because power promotes the exercise of authority or because power is a means of rendering service? If it values power for the authority it confers, it is barbarism; if it values power for the service it makes possible, it is civilized.

Militarism is a reversal to barbarism; it is a return to the law of the jungle; it has never heard of struggle for others and salvation of the unfit, or has heard of it only to contemn it. It values power only as an instrument of authority. It does not organize an army to protect the nation; it organizes the nation into an army for aggression on other nations. Its philosophers avow struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, to be the benign law of life. Its military leaders declare that a weak nation has no right to exist. Philosophers and leaders unite to glorify war as the only means of determining which nation is the stronger. If they honor self-sacrifice, it is only that form of self-sacrifice which increases the power and authority of the nation. The spirit of militarism relegates woman to an inferior place because she is of the weaker sex; accounts war as the highest art because it is the art of using force; exalts the military profession to the highest rank because it is the profession which exercises authority. Militarism is essentially egotistical, essentially provincial. It recognizes no culture but its own. It disguises its most sordid ambitions even to itself by its faith that it is intrusted with a mission to impose its culture on all other peoples. It can conceive no form of government, no system of laws, no art, music,

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literature, or philosophy, no achievements, no character, comparable to its own. Roman militarism despised Germanic civilization, Anglo-Saxon militarism despised Latin civilization, Roman Catholic militarism despised Protestant civilization, Occidental militarism despises Oriental civilization.

When militarism gets control of a nation and uses its authority not for service but to exploit the many for the benefit of the few, either the many must submit to see their country relapse into barbarism, as Spain relapsed into barbarism under the Bourbons, or they must arm and fight militarism with the only weapons militarism respects, as the Puritans fought the Stuarts. When militarism gets control of a nation and uses the wealth, the science, the resources, the population of the nation, to exercise authority over other nations and impose on them its laws and its civilization by force of arms, there is no alternative but to resist it by force of arms, and to continue the resistance until it acknowledges itself beaten and desists from the attempt.

No modern nation is wholly possessed by militarism; no modern nation is wholly free from it. We do not wonder that some of our readers, remembering the militarism of England and France in the past and of Russia in the present, are perplexed by the present terrible conflict. If only all the civilized men were on one side and all the barbarians on the other in life's long campaign, how easy it would be to comprehend each several battle! But they never are. All the Puritans were not saints; all the Cavaliers were not sinners. But the victory of the Puritans gave England liberty. All the colonists were not saints, all the British were not sinners; but the victory of the colonists created a Republic, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." All the North were not saints; all the South were not sinners. Both fought with honorable bravery for what they believed to be the right. But there are very few men in the South to-day who are not thankful that the Union was preserved and slavery was destroyed.

The issue was confused then; the issue is confused now. It is always confused to the combatants engaged in it, and generally to the onlookers. But when the soil now watered by blood is bringing forth harvests, and birds are singing where now cannons are thundering, and church bells are calling to worship where now trumpets are calling to deadly battle, the world will see that the issue now being fought out on the plains of Belgium and France in the west, and in Galicia, Poland, and Prussia in the east, was the issue between civilization and barbarism, between power sought to obtain authority and power used to render service. The Allies are fighting the battles of Germany for her. In 1848 pacific Germany rose in revolt against the militarism of Prussia and was defeated. The militarism which then dominated Germany is to-day attempting to dominate Europe. The free peoples of Europe have risen in revolt against this attempt. They will not be defeated. And when the war is over no people will have more reason to be grateful for Germany's defeat than the people of peaceful, industrial Germany.

CHRISTMAS IN TIME OF SORROW

There have been many disasters on the high seas, but the Christmas ship Jason made a successful voyage and has received a royal welcome. She was not a neutral ship; her function was to bear a message of good will, and to remind every people whose ports she visits of another message delivered more than nineteen hundred years ago.

The angels who sang "Peace on earth, good will to men," were not only angels but prophets. Their song held in its heart the spirit of a very advanced stage of Christian life in the world; so advanced that it could have had very little meaning to the men who heard it. There was not in the history, the conditions, or even in the language spoken two thousand years ago, much that interpreted a love so broad and deep that it included the welfare of all men. But because the great Christmas psalm has so much unfulfilled prophecy in it there ought to be a more impressive and practical expression of the Christmas spirit to-day than the world has ever known.

The Christmas ship was laden with thousands of tons of gifts for bereaved children on the other side of the sea. Every one was eager to have something to do with the cargo, with the transportation and lading, and every kind of service was rendered gratuitously. Express companies, railways, delivery companies, the United States Government, shared in this endeavor to send across the

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sea the spirit of Christmas in practical form. The New World was eager to wish the Old World, not a "merry" but a "happy" Christmas. Nowhere in the world this year among people who think can there be a "merry" Christmas; for the world stands in the shadow of a great and terrible bereavement. In countless homes there are memories instead of men; in countless hearts there is love but no joy. Everywhere the great shadow of the tragedy rests alike on little children, on anxious or sorrowful women, on strong men. No country is exempt from real participation in the struggle; nowhere among civilized peoples is there a landscape on which this cloud does not rest.

But while Christmas cannot be merry, it ought to be happy, because the very soul of Christmas is the spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice. For many years its observance has tended more and more to become conventional and extravagant and to lose the beautiful simplicity of the giving of the heart. It has become a matter of barter, or artificial promotion, of devices for the development of trade. A man once asked in a shop what a certain article was for, and the clerk replied, "Oh, just for a present!" It meant nothing; it simply cost money, and was of use one day in the year.

Now is the time to work a real reformation. Not in Christmas; that cannot be reformed, because it does not need to be; but in Christmas giving, which has wandered so far from the divine impulse which gave it birth. The giving ought to be more generous than ever; but it ought to be directed to those who need it. We load our friends living in comfort and even in luxury with things they do not need either for their own use or as an expression of our affection. Now is the time to turn the beneficence of Christmas away from those who do not need it to those who are in sore distress.

There are many ways in which we can wish our friends a Merry Christmas; and the best way is not to give to those who have, but those who really need. This does not mean robbing Christmas of its beautiful sentiment and making it a purely practical affair; it means charging Christmas with a deeper sentiment and making it serve a nobler ideal. Instead of buying things for people who do not need them, let us take account of those we can help and pour upon them the tide of affection.

The community Christmas is no longer an experiment; it has brought warmth of heart and neighborly good will wherever it has been tried. Why not make it a community festival everywhere? A lighted tree in every city and village for everybody; no speeches, no presents, no division between givers and receivers; everybody a host; carols by all the church choirs and singing societies, and patriotic songs; no expense; and a Happy Christmas from everybody to everybody.

ARE SERIOUS BOOKS NEGLECTED?

Is the reading of serious books on the decline among Americans? Mr. George P. Brett, the well-known publisher, thinks that it is; and in an article in the November "Atlantic Monthly" he cites various proofs in support of his contention, and advances some reasons for the decline. The adoption of the "play method" of teaching children may, he thinks, be one of the principal reasons why, when they are older, boys and girls find books on serious subjects distasteful and uninteresting, if not positively incomprehensible. Then, too, the indulgence of American parents, who feel obliged to offer to their sons and daughters well-nigh unlimited opportunities for pastime and amusement, in place of hard study and instructive reading, accounts for a certain lack on the part of the rising generation of acquaintance with good literature. The result in later life is likely to be the development of a "butterfly habit of mind," which is too often apt to be satisfied with newspapers and cheap magazines, and which finds change and recreation in automobiling, dancing, golf, and in listening to mechanically produced music and in looking at moving pictures.

Mr. Brett's argument cannot be summarized in a paragraph; the foregoing is intended merely to indicate its drift. As a whole, the indictment is severe, and some of the counts are undoubtedly sound, even if one dissents from the general conclusion that books in these days have "lost the pre-eminence they formerly enjoyed as the principal, and for many people the only, means of whiling away pleasantly or instructively the unoccupied hours of life."

There are, however, reasons for the decline in the buying and reading of serious books which lie outside those cited by Mr. Brett, and which deserve consideration. In the first

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place, the conditions affecting the publishing of books and the reading public as well have changed enormously in the last forty or fifty years. In those remote days young people had some respect for authority, for the opinion of their elders, at least so we are assured by those same young people, now that they are grown up to mature and ripe age. They then read serious books as a matter of duty, when they would perhaps have preferred to read Mayne Reid and Oliver Optic. Nowadays, however, young people have lost, as a class, much of the reverence which their fathers and mothers had for the tradition which associates the reading of serious books with the possession of general intelligence, and are not made to feel any sense of obligation to read such books. In these days a book, to hold their attention, must have in it what in college and preparatory school circles is designated, we believe, as "pep." Librarians, moreover, tell us that the boy and girl of to-day demand stories treating of contemporaneous life—of the ever-interesting problems growing out of the complex and constantly changing social and economic conditions of the present. To these young readers who have all of life before them the novels and romances of Dickens, Scott, Cooper, and Hawthorne deal with a remote, unknown, and uninteresting past, and they find these classics interminable in length, slow in action, and dull in character.

Moreover, forty-odd years ago the publication of a new book was an event, and only books of importance got themselves published. There were not more than eight or ten publishing houses of rank in the country, and the yearly lists of books published by these houses were as small in numbers as they were choice in quality. A new book in those days was something that every person of intelligence, if he would hold his own in current talk, had to read, whether it was "Our Mutual Friend," "The Moonstone," "English Traits," "The Marble Faun," or "The Origin of Species." One must remember, too, that in that time there were only about half a dozen monthly magazines; that, with very few exceptions, the weekly periodicals were mainly religious and frankly denominational in character; and that the huge Sunday newspaper was still in the future.

Contrast those conditions in a population, say in 1870, of thirty-eight and a half millions with the conditions prevailing to-day with a much more heterogeneous population of perhaps a hundred millions. In 1913 there were published in the United States by American authors 243 works on philosophy, 633 on religion and theology, 886 on sociology and economics, 676 on law, 615 on science, 617 on applied science, 476 on medicine and hygiene, 428 on poetry and the drama, 429 on biographical and genealogical subjects, 413 on history, 359 on geography and travel, 383 on agriculture, 337 on general literature, essays, etc., 207 on business, and, for books of a lighter character, 790 works of fiction and 500 books for juvenile readers. Altogether there were 9,085 works by American authors published in this country last year, of which 1,623 were new editions of old books, leaving a total of 7,462 absolutely new works by American authors. In addition, moreover, to these books of native origin there were 677 works by foreign authors, mainly English, which were remanufactured and presumably copyrighted in this country, and no fewer than 2,468 works of foreign origin which were imported in editions of varying sizes into this country. The grand total, therefore, of all books published in and imported into the United States in 1913 was 12,230—an average of thirty-three books for every day of the year! If there were any way of learning how many of these books would be "alive"—that is, still in demand from the public—three years after publication, the percentage would, we are inclined to think, be surprisingly small.

Contemporary with this enormous expansion in the book-publishing business there has been a corresponding increase in the number, size, and influence of periodicals, weekly and monthly, together with the appearance and gradual enlargement in scope of the Sunday newspapers throughout the country. If, therefore, with due allowance for the difference in population, it is true that serious books are in less demand to-day than they were half a century or so ago, one of the chief causes for the decline, in the opinion of The Outlook, can be found in the enormous circulation week by week and month by month of the better class of periodical literature, in which is to be found the cream of the best books of the year in biography, autobiography, travel, essays, and even in fiction, while the scope of some of the weekly periodicals is sufficiently broad to include a record of the progress that is made from time to time in theology, sociology, and

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even in applied science. And, subjected to the test not of literary interest but of general intelligence, the average man of to-day, with these new sources of information within his reach, would compare not unfavorably, we think, with the man of fifty years ago.

THE WAR, UNEMPLOYMENT, AND THE AMERICAN CONSUMER

IN the face of the hard times which are upon us, what ought the American consumer to do who is honestly anxious to relieve suffering both in Europe and in America? Should he place his charity at home or abroad? Or should he divide it between Europe and the United States?

This problem was put by The Outlook to its readers in its number for November 18, 1914, at the request of Mrs. Florence Kelley, President of the National Consumers' League.

Mrs. Kelley and the members of the League are at a loss to know the duty of conscientious Americans in the face of unprecedented suffering on the Continent and the almost unparalleled extent of unemployment and poverty at home. Should such Americans help their countrymen by buying a bale of cotton, or should they send a sum equivalent to the cost of the bale to Belgian orphans? Is it right for us to send money to the war sufferers abroad when this necessitates economizing to the extent of discharging servants and foregoing luxuries which provide employment in home industries? Or, if we should give up such luxuries as books, automobiles, the opera, etc., for philanthropy, might we not do better to practice this philanthropy in our own slums than among the needy of Europe?

The question Mrs. Kelley put to the readers of The Outlook was, in her own words, as follows:

"My impulse is to cut down expenditures for food, clothing, servants, household decorations, books, and recreation in order to have more money wherewith to help the suffering; but if we all do this, shall we not produce more unemployment the more conscientious we are?"

Mrs. Kelley's query called forth numerous replies from Outlook readers, and it is evident that the dilemma which she finds confronting her is faced by thousands of other well-meaning people in America. Some of these replies merely echoed her question, or emphasized some particular phase of it. Such is the following:

. . . I want very much to double my giving this year. Do you think it would increase unemployment at home if I were to avoid buying all expensive foreign-made goods, like gloves, silk stockings, etc., taking instead the cheaper grade made in America, so saving money to give to charity? PERPLEXED.
St. Augustine, Florida.

Several other writers could advise "Perplexed" on this point, for, without going deeply into abstract economic theories, they very sanely suggest that this is a good time to practice all possible economy. Mr. R. H. Douglass, of Pasadena, California, writes: "The poorer consumers should be educated to save their salaries and buy for cash, as they can buy far cheaper that way. . . . The wealthier ones should crucify self and live the Golden Rule. . . . The National slogan should be, 'Stop waste and live the Golden Rule.'"

Three other letters, in a somewhat similar strain, are as follows:

. . . My only suggestion is that we shall all avoid indulgence in too extravagant luxuries which might emphasize the gulf between those who have and those who need, while any money saved should be spent in direct aid of what Mr. Shaw terms "the undeserving poor."
SOPHIE W. WESTON.

. . . It appears to the writer that the equilibrium of the markets is not so easily disturbed as the Consumers' League would lead us to believe.

If the individual is left to follow his own impulse as to the particular luxuries or even partial necessities he chooses to sacrifice, that he may have more money wherewith to help those in distress across the waters, these lines of sacrifice will be so varied that they will not disturb any special group or groups of the unemployed.

When a child, my admiration was stirred again and again by a dear old mother in our church society who always chose one particular way to make her sacrifice when she wished to give to sweet charity. She would say, "Well,

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this bonnet of mine has done me service these five years, and I think it will do me nicely another year. Put me down for five dollars for that work."

No one ever questioned her right to do this, and I never noticed that the markets in millinery goods were seriously disturbed.

Aside from the above considerations, the generous impulse that does another good, without careful calculation, brings home other values than those of dollars and cents.

Orrville, Ohio. MABEL BUCKLEY.

. . . After thought and discussion one family has arrived at the following conclusions for the present:

First, that a certain proportion of income should be set aside for benevolence at home and abroad. That contributions to missionary boards and relief organizations are the last and not the first items to be cut down.

Second, that they will not give up altogether Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners and the giving of Christmas presents, but that dinners and gifts shall be simple and not extravagant.

Third, that where incomes are reduced or financial obligations increased in the stress of the times that retrenchment must begin with household decorations, recreation, and "extra extravagances" in table and dress.

Still, we have not got Mrs. Kelley altogether out of her dilemma. Some Outlook readers, however, do not recognize any dilemma. They say that it is possible to make every dollar do double service—service here and service abroad. Of such opinion are the authors of the following two communications:

In answer to your request for suggestions as to the duty of a would-be generous consumer in times like these, I would make the following: Money given to the Vacation Relief Fund to be used for materials to be made into garments for the sufferers abroad would kill two birds with one stone, in that it would give employment to some of the girls at present out of work, and also relieve distress in Europe.

New Brighton, New York. A PATRIOT.

. . . "The desperate plight of printers and publishers" is terribly real. Could not, however, every five dollars directed the other way do a double service—to the widows and orphans, also to those clerks and others in whose shops the money is spent? Are not these men probably as needy and worthy as the others?

Boonton, New Jersey. MARY EVA KITCHEL.

The truth is that Mrs. Kelley's query raises an issue upon which economists have argued since the days of Adam Smith or before, namely, whether the expenditure of money for luxuries is justified upon the ground that it creates employment. One communicator, Mr. Moses Franklin, of Pueblo, Colorado, is apparently of the opinion that it does, for he writes:

Mrs. Kelley . . . rightly concludes that . . . unemployment is caused by denying ourselves certain satisfactions to help the afflicted. . . . Increased expenditure furnishes increased employment and no one is injured thereby.

The majority of our correspondents, however, are in line with the best economic theory in rejecting the doctrine that extravagance is justified because it "makes work" for some people.

A very forceful and clear exposure of the fallacy under which, we believe, Mrs. Kelley has been in danger of laboring is the following letter:

The point raised by your question, "What ought the consumer to do?" is an interesting one, and throws light on what the writer believes to be a common fallacy. The position of the Consumers' League is simply another version of the old threadbare defense of every piece of extravagant luxury and waste—"it makes work." Heavens and earth! As if there were not always work enough to be done! What we want is not more work but less work, and this is to be achieved by turning our efforts to useful and enduring channels and not by frittering them away in every sort of waste. Pietro de Medici "made work" when he commanded Michael Angelo to squander his time and talent that might have been expended on enduring marble in making a statue of snow.

Let us consider the ultimate destination of the hundred pounds when expended in the maintenance of the British householder's *ménage*, and when given for, say, Belgian relief. In the former case its expenditure gives employment to butlers, chauffeurs, valets, maids, and goodness knows whom else, all of them taken out of productive work to render services of little or no value to the community. In the latter case the money will in all probability be expended for food and clothing—say, for flour and cloth. It will thus give employment to wheat and cotton growers, sheep raisers, millers, spinners, weavers, and a host engaged in transportation, brokerage, etc., besides. And in one case the ultimate product is food and clothing for the innocent victims of war, and in the other case superfluous personal services with which the British householder himself is quite ready to dispense. The fact of it is, whatever we do with the hundred pounds, we are going to hire somebody to do something; and to me, at least, it seems infinitely more worth while to hire a farmer to grow wheat, and a cotton planter to grow cotton, and the millers and weavers to manufacture it all

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for suffering Belgium, than to hire a host of servants to open my lord's wine, dress my lady's hair, and drive their limousine. Or, to take your other specific question, "Should a housewife lay in a store of sheets which she does not really need, or give to the Red Cross Fund?" Simply put your question, "Should a housewife lay in a store of sheets which she does not need, or purchase these same sheets and give them to the Red Cross hospitals?" and we would all agree.

GILBERT M. TUCKER, JR.
Rockhill Farm, Glenmont, New York.

Mr. Tucker, it seems to The Outlook, has well answered the question raised by the Consumers' League. By all means cut down waste and extravagance in your personal and household budgets, and, if you must buy with the money thus saved, buy useful things, encourage the industries that are productive in the true sense of the word, *i. e.*, the industries that are engaged in producing the means by which humanity is maintained in health and comfort, not in luxury. When it comes to giving, by all means help the Belgians, but at the same time, notwithstanding the spectacular poverty abroad, do not forget "the poor that we have always with us." Here is more good advice on this point:

. . . I would make a plea that we care first for all who come in *direct* contact with our lives, and *extend* that circle *outwards* just as far as our means allow. E. R. C.
Miami, Florida.

And likewise:

We should not . . . neglect our home charities, which, because they are always with us, do not appeal to us with the force of novelty, nor wring our hearts with the thought of forms of suffering to which we are most blessedly unaccustomed. (Mrs.) J. H. PATTERSON.
Albany, New York.

It is not selfish for Americans in this world crisis to look to their own poor first, for an American workman out of work to-day is nine times out of ten just as directly a sufferer from the war as a Belgian or German laborer, and absolutely through no fault of his own.

We are all in the same boat just now—Frenchmen, Belgians, Englishmen, Russians, and Americans—in that we are all directly affected by this devastating conflict, whether we are actual combatants or not. There is no isolation for any one. There can be no avoiding responsibilities. But, while charity properly begins at home, it should not end there.

THE RETURN OF THE HOUSEHOLDER

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Ruin and smoke and broken glass!
Ravage, and fallen stone on stone!
Stand back, O watchman! Let me pass.
This house you weep for was my own.
I built these walls in pain and tears.
O faithless watcher, had you kept
A better vigil through the years
You need not now have wept.
Since you must weep, weep for that sin.
Man, I command you, let me in!

Ruin! And overhead the sky!
Ruin! And ashes at my feet!
O hands, so slow to beautify,
But in destruction oh, how fleet!
Where is the peace I died to give?
The music of my house is dumb.
The aisles are dark where sunlight ran.
The sword, the cannon, and the drum
Are masters in the holy home
I built to shelter man.

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For this I died, for this I live?
I brought a sword
For souls in the abyss
To carve a passage to their Lord,
But not for this, for this!

Ruin! The altar-stone is cleft.
The altar-piece is burnt and charred.
My saints, my tender saints, bereft,
Lie in the embers, black and scarred.
Dear saints! Through tumult and confusion
Your sweet, benignant faces peer.
Is all the glory quenched in fear?
Lo, I am with you, and delusion
May rage but cannot conquer here.
Our house may crumble, roof and wall,
Upon our shoulders crash the spires.
Still rise the unperturbed desires.
Supreme, unchanging over all,
Chant the untroubled choirs.
What though the madmen crucify?
They cannot kill. We cannot die.
Lift up your faces. It is I.

The people murmur at the door,
Weeping. Yea, mourn, and shed your tears!
Mourn, till the cannons' awful roar
Thunders less wildly in your ears
Than conscience crying in the night,
And the hearts' moaning 'neath the rod,
Humble at last, ashamed, contrite,
"Forgive, forgive, O God!"
Mourn, O my people, mourn!
I gave my house to you to keep.
Your love was lassitude and scorn,
Your vigilance was sleep.
Yea, weep, for you have need to weep.

Bowed heads! Bowed hearts and broken wills!
Thus to their home the souls return,
When with his bludgeon death instills
The lore of life they would not learn.
Weep, my beloved, weep, that from your tears,
Watering earth, lilies may spring.
Weep for the foolish, for the wasted years,
Weep, weep, that you may sing!

Yea, weep, and like a garment lay aside
The pomp, the glory vain,
The worn and tattered tinsel of your pride,
The rags of your disdain.
Lay off what is of earth!
And in your nakedness
To Him who gave you birth,
O ye that weep and yearn,
Shattered and shelterless,
Return, return, return!
Lay in my hands your hands!
Look! Here are scars

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Of deeper grief than ravaged lands,
And deeper woes than wars.
Come! In the streets are blood and bitter moan,
But on my hill is dew.
The house is fallen, stone on stone.
Follow, my own, my own!
Follow, and build anew!

PROHIBITION IN RUSSIA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

NEVER before, perhaps, in the history of mankind has the prohibition of intoxicating liquor been so complete and effective as it has been in Russia since the outbreak of war, and never before, certainly, has the world had such an opportunity to see what results total abstinence may bring about. In the United States, and in many other parts of the world, prohibition has often been attempted; but it never had a fair trial, for the reason that it has never anywhere been effective. In our own country the sale of alcoholic liquor has often been forbidden in particular States or localities; but there were always illicit manufacture and sale; there was always importation into territory that was "dry" from territory that was "wet," and there was always more or less secret distribution and consumption. For these reasons prohibitionists have not been able to justify conclusively their attitude toward drink by pointing to the sociological results of total abstinence. Prohibition has never been successfully enforced; the sale and consumption of intoxicants have never been completely stopped; and total abstinence over a large area has never existed. Now in Russia for the first time we have an opportunity to see what nation-wide prohibition may accomplish, and what the sociological results of total abstinence may be.

Drunkenness in Russia has been more disastrous, perhaps, socially and economically, than in any other country of Europe. Eight or ten other nations consume more alcohol per capita than the Russians do; but in no other country is the consumption so injurious to the individual, to the community, and to the state. This is due to two causes, both closely related either to the manner of drinking or to the place of consumption:

1. It will be obvious, upon reflection, that the evil consequences of drink are largely dependent upon the way in which the liquor is consumed. A, for example, imbibes, say, five gallons of alcohol per annum, but divides it into about a thousand drinks, taken regularly every day at intervals of three or four hours. He never consumes enough at one time to intoxicate him, he never loses his judgment or self-control, and he seldom acts irrationally or commits crime under alcoholic influence. B, let us suppose, consumes exactly the same quantity of liquor, but divides it into only twenty portions, taken at time intervals of from two to three weeks. He drinks from a pint to a quart whenever he drinks at all, and consequently becomes drunk, loses control of his faculties, and sooner or later, in one of his periodical sprees, beats his wife, sells his property at half price, sets fire to an enemy's house, or commits some crime which brings ruin upon him and his family. Each of these two men consumes the same quantity of alcohol per annum, but the consequences in the two cases are wholly different. A escapes with physiological damage only, while B suffers not only the same bodily injury, but in addition thereto social and economic ruin. B's method of drinking is that of the Russian peasant; and this is one of the reasons why drunkenness in Russia is more common and disastrous than in many other countries where the per capita consumption of liquor is much greater.

2. The second reason for the demoralizing effect of vodka-drinking in Russia is related to the place of consumption. Since the Government established the vodka monopoly it has sold liquor on the dispensary plan only. The purchaser may not buy less than a bottle, and he is forbidden to drink it

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on the premises. He therefore consumes it on the street, or, more commonly, takes it home and drinks it there. He thus carries it to his wife and children. Formerly there was very little intoxication among Russian women. The *muzhik* drank in the *kabak*, or village grog-shop, and that was a place where the women and children did not often go, unless they went there to bring home their intoxicated husbands and fathers. The dispensary system abolished the *kabak*, and almost inevitably forced vodka-drinking into the peasant households. The drunken husband often compelled or persuaded his wife and children to drink ("it made them behave in such a funny way!"), and the evil gradually spread to the families, and then to the public schools. Drunkenness among women became more and more common, and investigations made a year or two ago showed that in some public schools forty per cent of the pupils, both boys and girls, drank vodka more or less regularly, if not habitually. Russian life, or a large part of it, was thus poisoned at its source.

Russian society was fully conscious of these evils, and made every possible effort to limit them; but so long as the Government derived nearly a third of its revenue from the sale of intoxicants it gave no encouragement to temperance movements or temperance societies. On the contrary, it showed a disposition to regard every attempt to restrict the sale of vodka as a crime against the state. Hundreds, if not thousands, of town councils and peasant communes adopted prohibitory resolutions, but they were seldom confirmed either by the local officials or by the higher authorities in Petrograd. Few of them, therefore, became effective. The Government needed a larger revenue for military preparations and adventures, and instead of using the drink monopoly as a means of controlling and restricting intemperance, as was originally intended, it deliberately tempted the people to drink more, in order to swell its receipts.

Commenting last winter on the change in the purpose of the monopoly thus brought about, Count Witte said: "They call me the father of the drink monopoly, and I do not deny it. I am the father of the child that was born in 1903. But I wanted to make the girl an honest woman, whereas she has been brought up by other persons in such a way that she is now walking the Nevski Prospekt. I intended her for an honest life, and not for one of vice. My heart aches on her account."

When the war broke out, the Government, in order to guard against the possibility of popular disorder during the period of mobilization, decided to suspend temporarily the sale of vodka. As it controlled absolutely both the sources of supply and the means of distribution, it was able to do this with unprecedented effectiveness, and in less than forty-eight hours the drinking of intoxicants practically ceased. Scores of peasants in the towns poisoned themselves to death with wood alcohol, denatured alcohol, or cologne; but vodka could not be had, because the Government controlled the whole supply, and there had been no time to organize illicit manufacture and sale. The closing of the Government dispensaries and the extraordinary results that followed gave not only the temperance workers but an overwhelming majority of the peasants an opportunity to show what they thought of the vodka traffic. Appeals and petitions begging the Government not to reopen the dispensaries at the end of mobilization poured into the Ministry of Finance from *zemstvos*, town councils, communes, societies, and individuals in all parts of the Empire. Even habitual drinkers, who knew that vodka was ruining them, but who had not will power enough to let it alone if they could get it, joined in the almost universal cry, "Don't reopen the shops!"

The Czar and his Ministers listened to the voice of the nation. They had suspended the sale of vodka only until the 25th of August (O. S.), but when that day came they continued the suspension until the 1st of October. Then, as the beneficent results of total abstinence became increasingly apparent, and the appeals of the people grew more and more insistent, the Czar and the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies extended the prohibition to the end of the war, and finally made it include not only vodka, but strong wines, light wines, beer—everything. At the same time the Czar himself made public the announcement that the sale of vodka by the Government would never be resumed. Then millions of *muzhiks* and tens of millions of peasant women crossed themselves devoutly and cried, "*Slava Bokhoo!*" (Thank God!)

Nearly four months have now passed since the drinking of intoxicants in Russia ceased, and the results of the reform are so extraordinary as to surpass the expectations even of the most sanguine prohibitionists and temper-

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ance workers. Mr. Ivan Zhilkin, writing in the leading Russian review, "Vestnik Evropa," of Petrograd, says: "All Russia is filled with enthusiasm and gratitude. As if by the waving of a magic wand, drunkenness, debauchery, wild cries, disputing, and fighting have ceased in the streets of both villages and towns. Factories and workshops are filling their orders with promptness and accuracy. In households long accustomed to poverty, strife, drunken quarrels, and blows there are now peace and quiet. The peasant families are even making pecuniary savings, which, although small, are as welcome as they are unexpected. The very face of Russia, long disfigured by alcoholic excess, seems to have been transformed and ennobled." ("Vestnik Evropa," Petrograd, September, 1914, page 339.)

I have room in this article for only a few illustrations of the social and economic changes that prohibition in Russia has brought about. They are mostly taken from the monthly reviews "Vestnik Evropa" and "Russkoe Slovo," and from the daily Petrograd newspaper the "Reitch." These periodicals, of course, are not prohibition organs, and they treat the results of prohibition just as they would treat any other phenomena of social life.

A correspondent of the "Russkoe Slovo," telegraphing from Viatka, says: "The closing of the Government dispensaries in this city has been followed by a marked decrease in the number of robberies. Hooliganism has almost disappeared, and the police lockups, always filled on bazaar days with drunken men, are now empty. According to a member of the provincial *zemstvo*, the peasant villages are completely transformed. Drunkenness, fighting, and disorder, so noticeable on holidays and fair days, have ceased."

A correspondent of the same review in Simbirsk says: "The suspension of the vodka traffic has diminished crime in this city by fifty per cent, and hooliganism by ninety per cent. The same results are reported from a whole series of peasant villages in this province."

From Orel the report is: "Prohibition has reduced crime here, as compared with previous months, by eighty per cent. The court-rooms and police stations are empty."

In Voronezh the police state that "in the first half of July, when the vodka dispensaries were open, there were in this city twenty-seven murders or other serious crimes. In the first half of August, when the vodka shops were closed, there were only eight."

The detective police of Ekaterinoslav report that "crimes attributable to drunkenness have wholly ceased. Since the beginning of the mobilization there has not been a single case of murder, robbery, assault, or hooliganism, although prior to that time there were more than a hundred every month."

In Ekaterinodar, according to the police, "crime has decreased by ninety per cent, hooliganism has disappeared, and the town is absolutely quiet."

In Saratof "the monthly average of crimes has fallen from one hundred and thirty to sixty. The asylum for alcoholics is empty. The river stevedores have put on new clothes and are sending money home. Attempts at suicide have ceased."

In Yaroslav "the registers of the justices of the peace show that between the 31st of July and the 28th of August there was brought before the magistrates only one case. In the same length of time before the suspension of the sale of vodka the number of cases often exceeded two hundred."

A correspondent in Kostroma writes: "The number of crimes and offenses in this city in the fortnight prior to the suspension of the vodka traffic was about three hundred. In the first half of August there were only eight."

Writing from Tambof, at a much later date (October 28), a correspondent of the "Reitch" says: "Three months have passed since the sale of vodka ceased, and it is now possible to estimate the extent of the beneficent results that have followed prohibition. The villages of this province, according to the reports of the peasants, have become so changed as to be unrecognizable. Fights, robberies, and fires, they say, have almost ceased. But, without placing too much reliance upon these statements, we may show the results of prohibition by objective facts. According to the records of the procurator's office of the Tambof district, the average number of criminal cases in the month of August for the years 1911–12–13 was 515. In August, 1914 [after the closing of the vodka shops], the number was only 324. This is the lowest criminal rate on record. Information collected and compiled by the Fire Insurance Board of the same district shows that the average number of accidental or incendiary fires in August and September

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for the five years immediately preceding 1914 was 960. The number in the same months of this year was only 630, which is also the lowest ever recorded. The chief of the Fire Insurance Board adds that this decrease in the number of fires represents a saving of 500,000 rubles in sixty days, or at the rate of 3,000,000 rubles a year. In the Moshansk and Tambof districts, where the number of fires has always been great, the results are still more surprising. During the months of the autumnal holidays last year the number of fires in the peasant villages of these districts was 148. In the same months this year it fell to 65. The police of the "bazaar precinct" in Tambof report that the monthly average of arrests has fallen from 300 in previous years to 70 in 1914. The police inspector of another Tambof precinct says that his station-house contains so few prisoners that he is thinking of offering it to the sanitary authorities for a hospital. The President of the Tambof Zemstvo Board, who has just returned from an extensive trip through the rural districts, says that, strange as it may seem, the peasant villages in this time of war show unmistakable evidences of prosperity. The *muzhiks* are better dressed, their taxes are paid more promptly, and trade in the village fairs has become more active." (Petrograd "Reitch," October 30, 1914.)

It would not be difficult to fill many pages of The Outlook with reports like these, from *zemstvos*, town councils, peasant communes, charitable societies, police officials, and justices of the peace in all parts of the Empire; but the above quotations are sufficient, perhaps, to show how complete is the economic and sociologic transformation that Russia has undergone since the suspension of the liquor traffic.

This, however, is not the only surprise that Russia has given the world since the outbreak of war. Unofficial but apparently trustworthy reports from Petrograd state that vodka, wine, and all alcoholic drinks have been banished from the tables of the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Russian officers at the front. No one who has not been with the armies of the Czar in previous wars can fully appreciate the extraordinary importance and significance of this innovation. Many years ago, when the Russian artist Vereshchagin was exhibiting in New York his paintings of the Russo-Turkish War, he went through the collection with me, telling me stories and anecdotes about the various pictures. Stopping in front of one that showed a group of officers and the headquarters of the Russian staff in the field, he said: "In that picture, as it was originally painted, the grass in the foreground was covered with empty bottles. When I exhibited it in St. Petersburg, certain high officials objected to the bottles and made me paint them out. But," he added emphatically, "they were there!"

Twenty years later, in Japan, a war correspondent who had been with General Kuropatkin's army in Manchuria showed me a large flashlight photograph of a group of Russian officers, twelve or fifteen in number, drinking at a long table on the night before the great battle of Liaoyang. The table was covered with bottles—full and empty, erect and capsized—and the attitudes and expressions of the officers showed that many, if not most, of them were unmistakably drunk. On the back of the picture were the names of the revelers, together with their rank, and opposite more than half of them were the dagger-like crosses which the Russians append to the names of those who are dead. All these had perished in the battle of the following day. I would not speak slightingly or disrespectfully of men who, whatever their faults, died bravely in action; but in what condition were those officers, after a night of drinking, to meet the cool, sober, clear-eyed, and resourceful Japanese?

If the Russian armies in Germany and Austria are fighting more effectively now than in any previous campaign, may it not be because they are led by sober, clear-headed officers, and because the soldiers know it?

In reviewing the results of prohibition in Russia one should not lose sight of the distillers who make most of the vodka and bear most of the burden of the reform. What effect is total abstinence likely to have upon them, and what attitude are they taking toward the threatened destruction of their business? The vodka industry in Russia employs an immense amount of capital and a large number of men. According to a statement made by L. Y. Mozheiko, a prominent representative of the Spirit Manufacturers' Association, there are in the Empire 3,000 distilleries and 500 rectifying establishments, which employ 60,000 men and have, in the aggregate, an invested capital of 250,000,000 rubles. It could hardly be expected that men who represent an industry of such magnitude would regard the destruc-

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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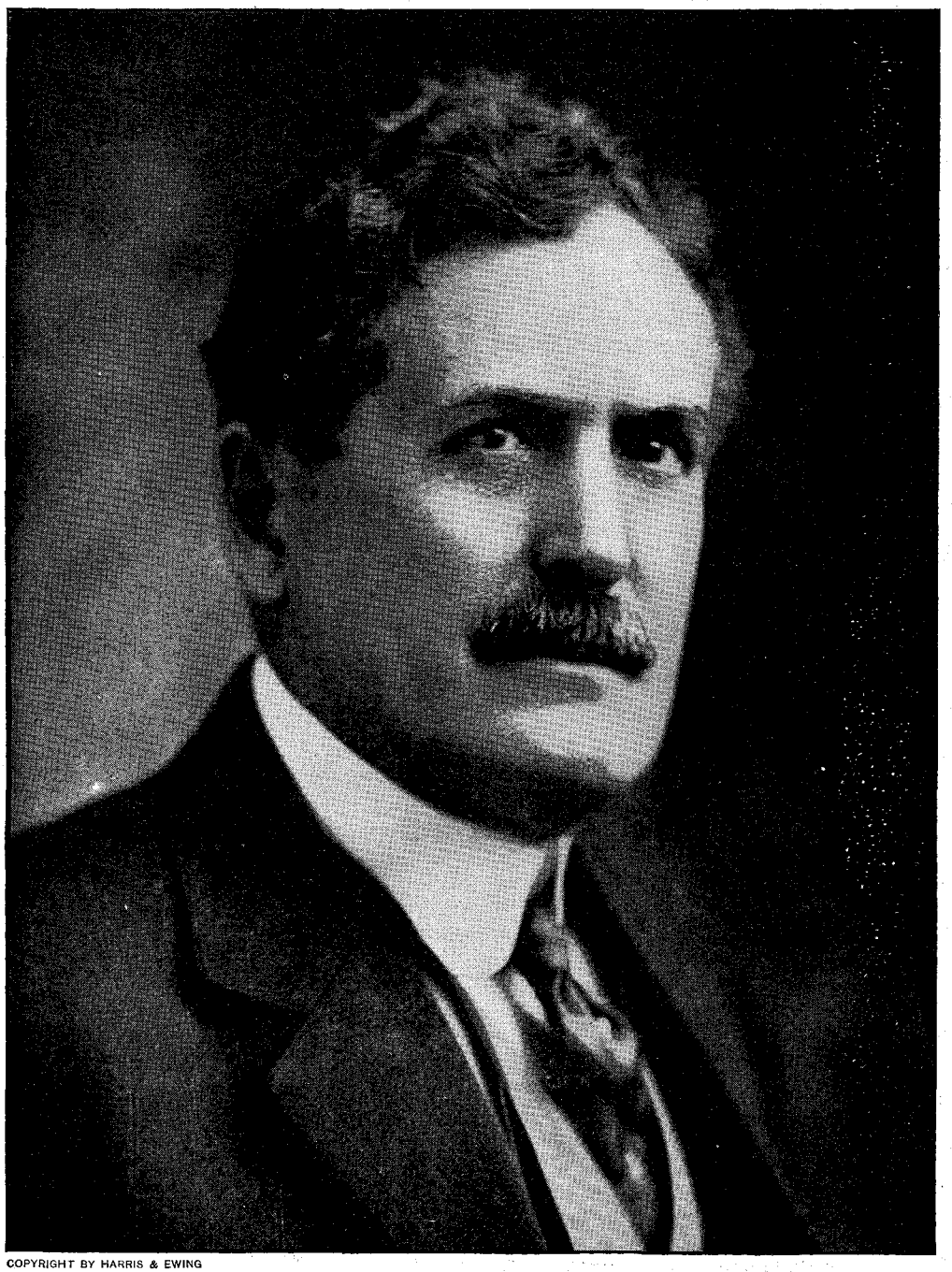
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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AN AMBASSADOR WHO HAS WON HIS COUNTRYMEN'S GRATITUDE

The Hon. Myron T. Herrick, whose picture appears above, has recently arrived in America, after serving his country as Ambassador to France with the most distinguished honor. For an appreciation of his services see editorial pages

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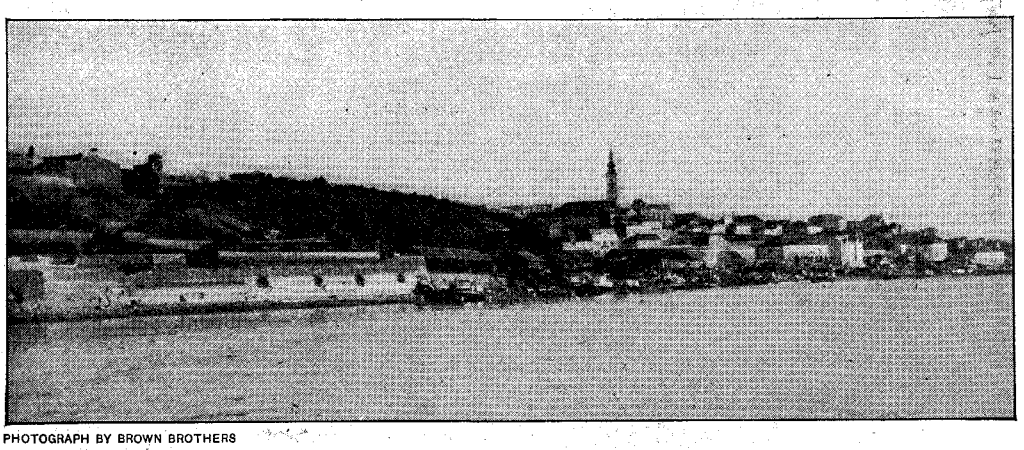

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAPITAL OF SERVIA AS SEEN FROM THE DANUBE

The river is the dividing line between Austrian and Servian territory; but it has taken Austrian troops four months to capture Belgrade, and then only by approaching it through Servian territory

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

ONE OF BELGRADE'S STREETS, SHOWING THE CITY'S ONLY MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE

SERVIA'S CAPITAL, BELGRADE, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE AUSTRIANS

See "The Story of the War"

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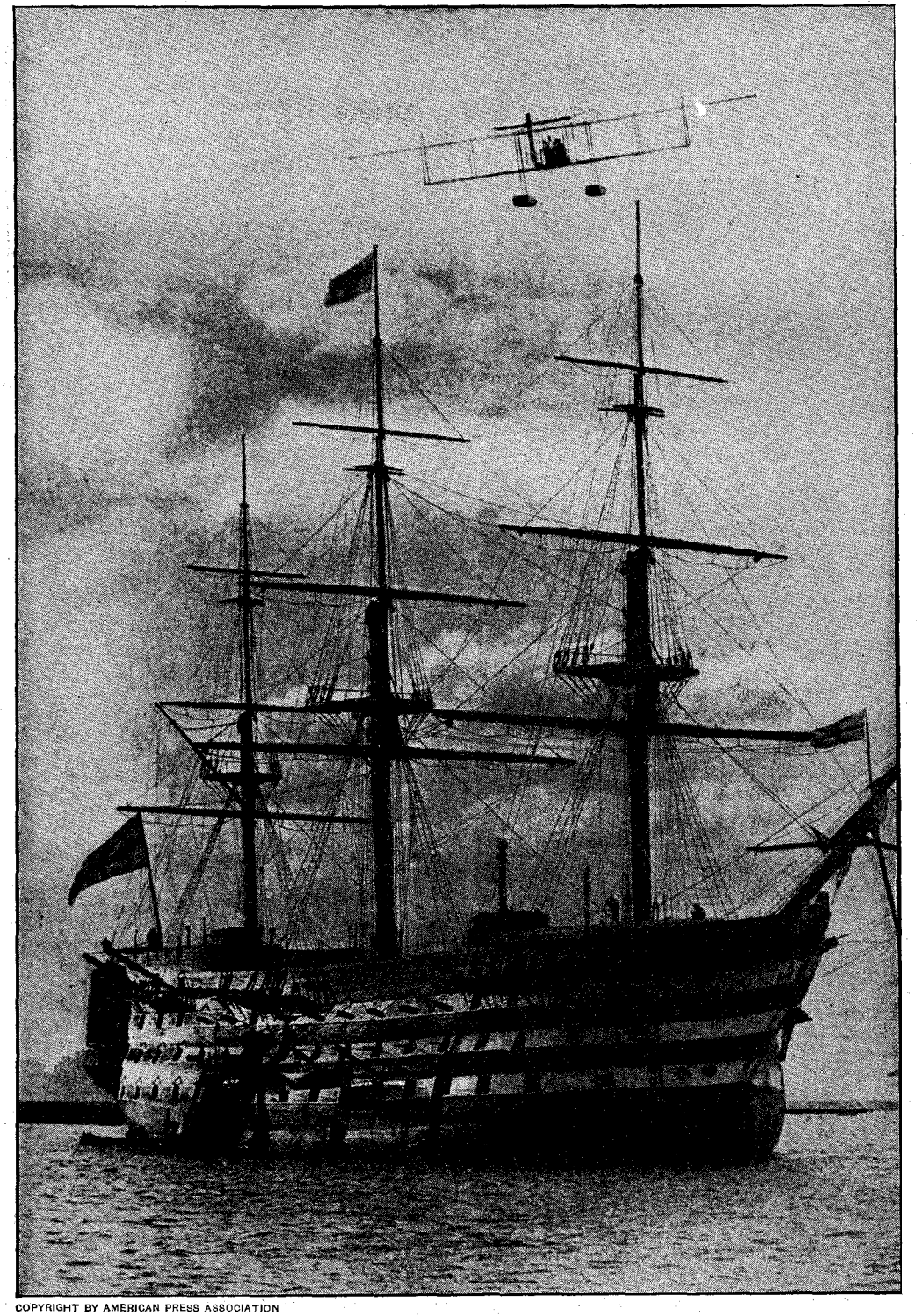

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THE OLD AND THE NEW IN WARFARE

The ship shown in the picture is the famous frigate Victory, Nelson's flagship, which is still flying his country's ensign in the harbor of Portsmouth, England. Above, a modern military aeroplane is seen flying over the old ship from which, at the Battle of Trafalgar, Nelson signaled the famous message which has recently been widely used again as an appeal to British patriotism, "England expects every man to do his duty"

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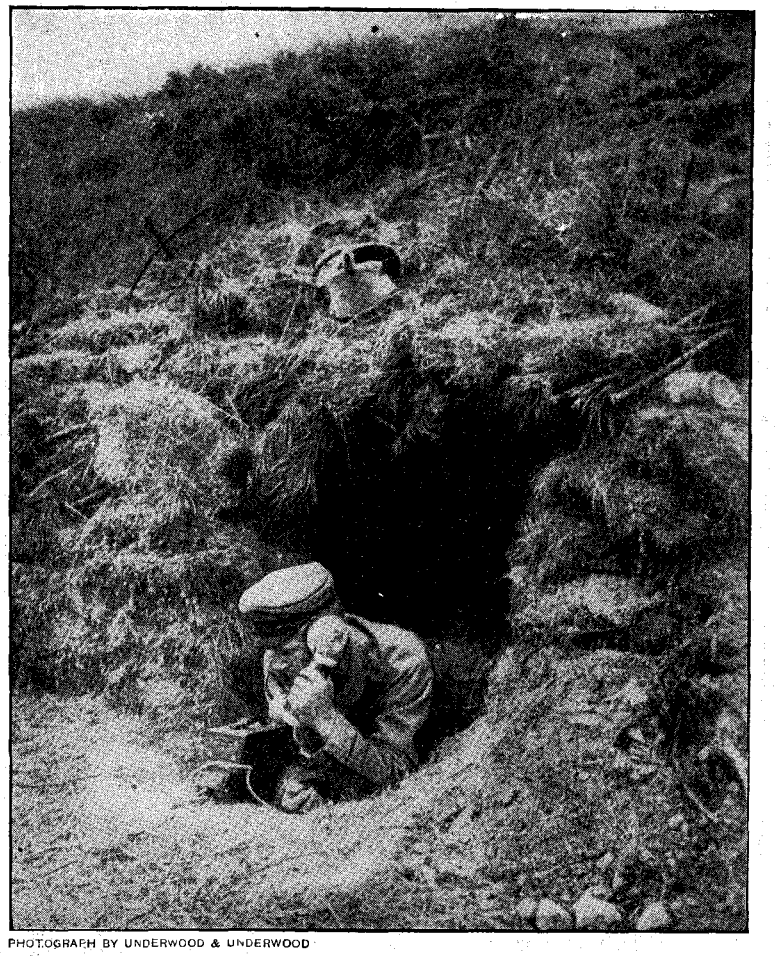

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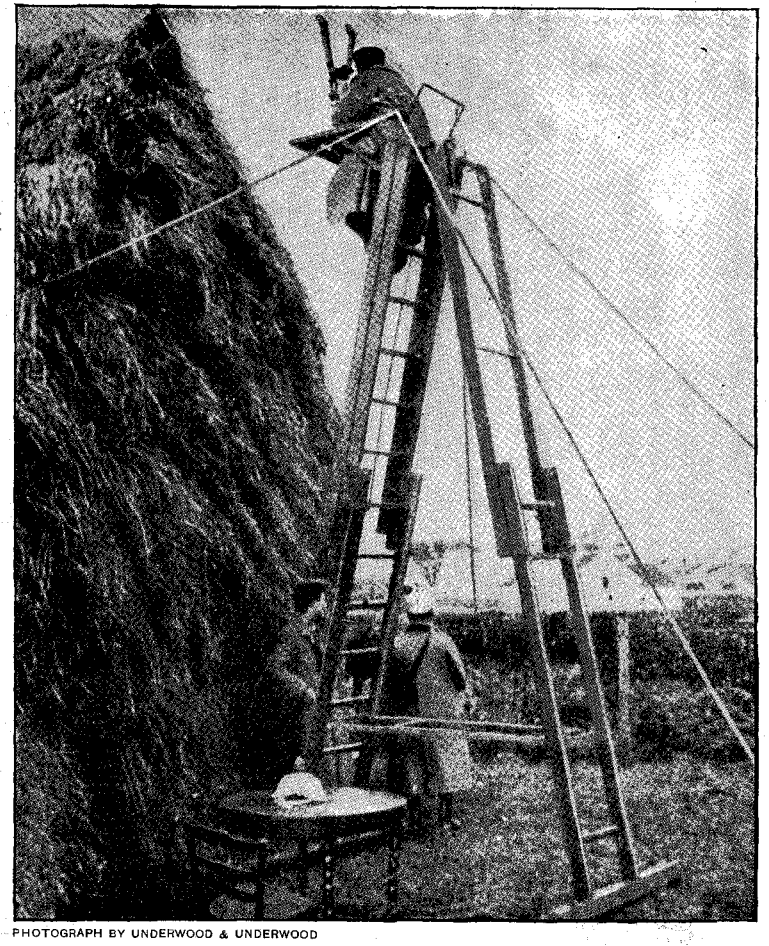
COMMUNICATING BY TELEPHONE FROM AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER



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A TRAVELING "LOOKOUT" FOR LONG-DISTANCE OBSERVATION

METHODS OF FIELD SIGNALING USED BY THE GERMAN ARMIES

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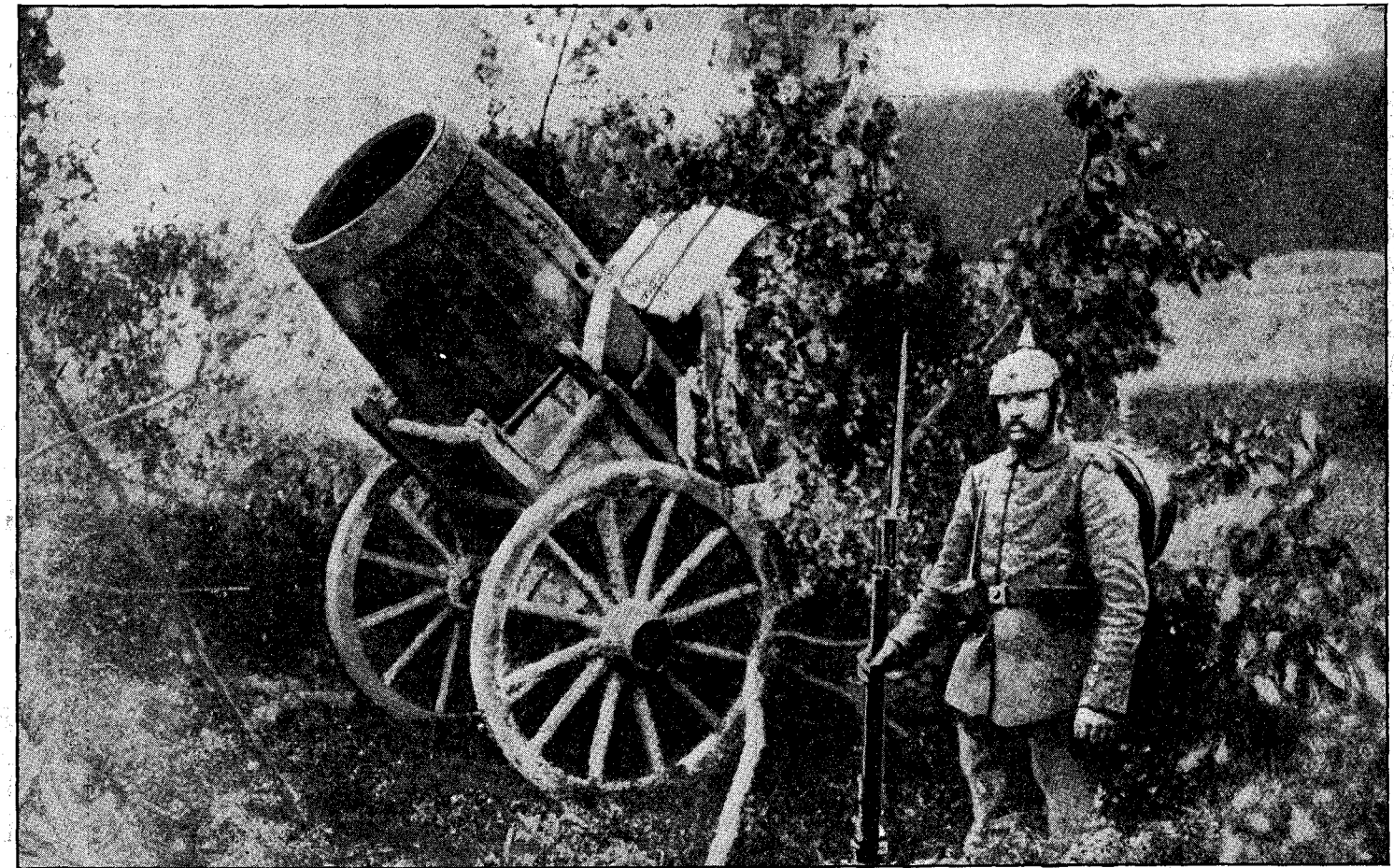

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A RUSE TO DECEIVE THE AIR SCOUT

The great height at which the military aeroplane must do its work makes this stratagem, in which a barrel and a cart are ingeniously used to imitate a concealed howitzer, an effective one. Similar dummy cannons used in the American Civil War were called "Quaker guns"

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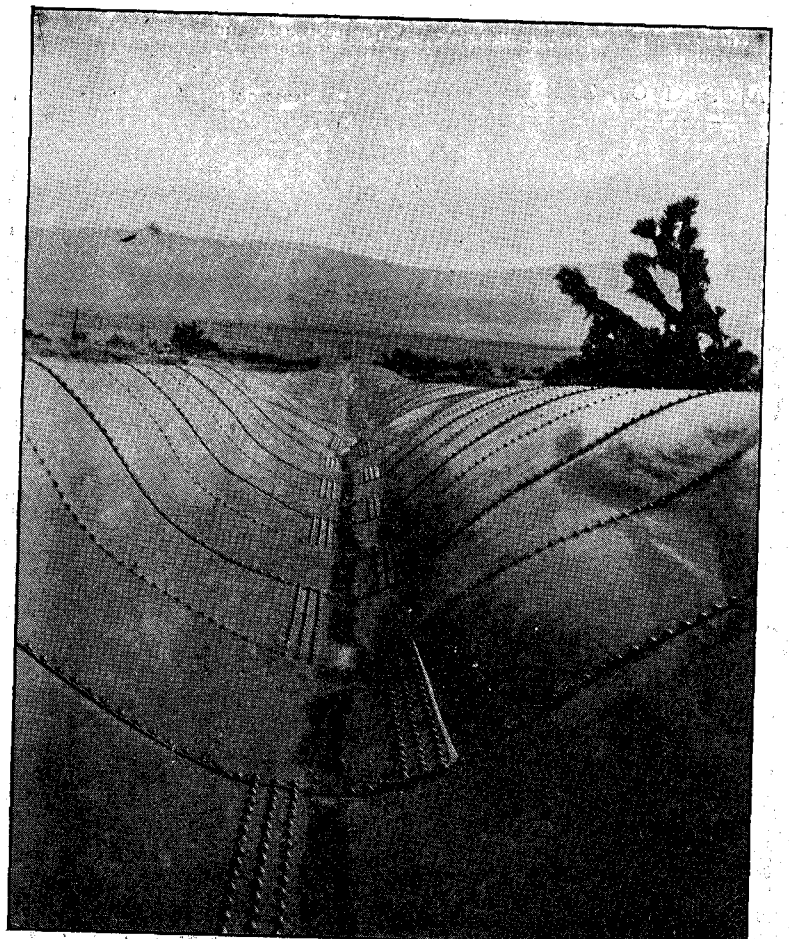
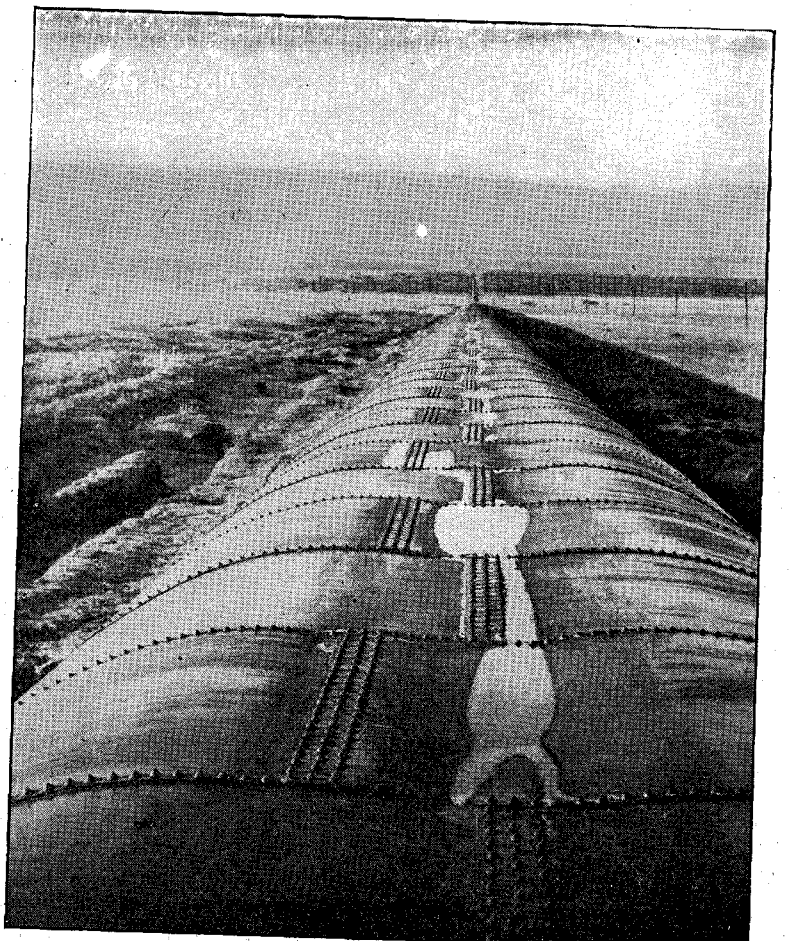


PHOTOGRAPH BY EDHOLM

THE AQUEDUCT AS IT APPEARED JUST AFTER THE ACCIDENT



THE AQUEDUCT AFTER THE APPLICATION OF HYDRAULIC PRESSURE

AN ACCIDENT TO A GREAT WATER SYSTEM AND HOW IT WAS REMEDIED

This link in the Los Angeles aqueduct is known as the Antelope Valley Siphon. A cloudburst swept away one of the foundations, and the great pipe, ten feet in diameter, collapsed for nearly two miles as a result of atmospheric pressure when the water ran out. The pipe was restored through the ingenious application of hydraulic pressure. The flattened plates responded to the pressure of the water, which was gradually turned on after the broken parts had been repaired, till they were restored to their original cylindrical shape. The siphon, which cost $250,000 to build, was repaired by this ingenious method for only $2 000

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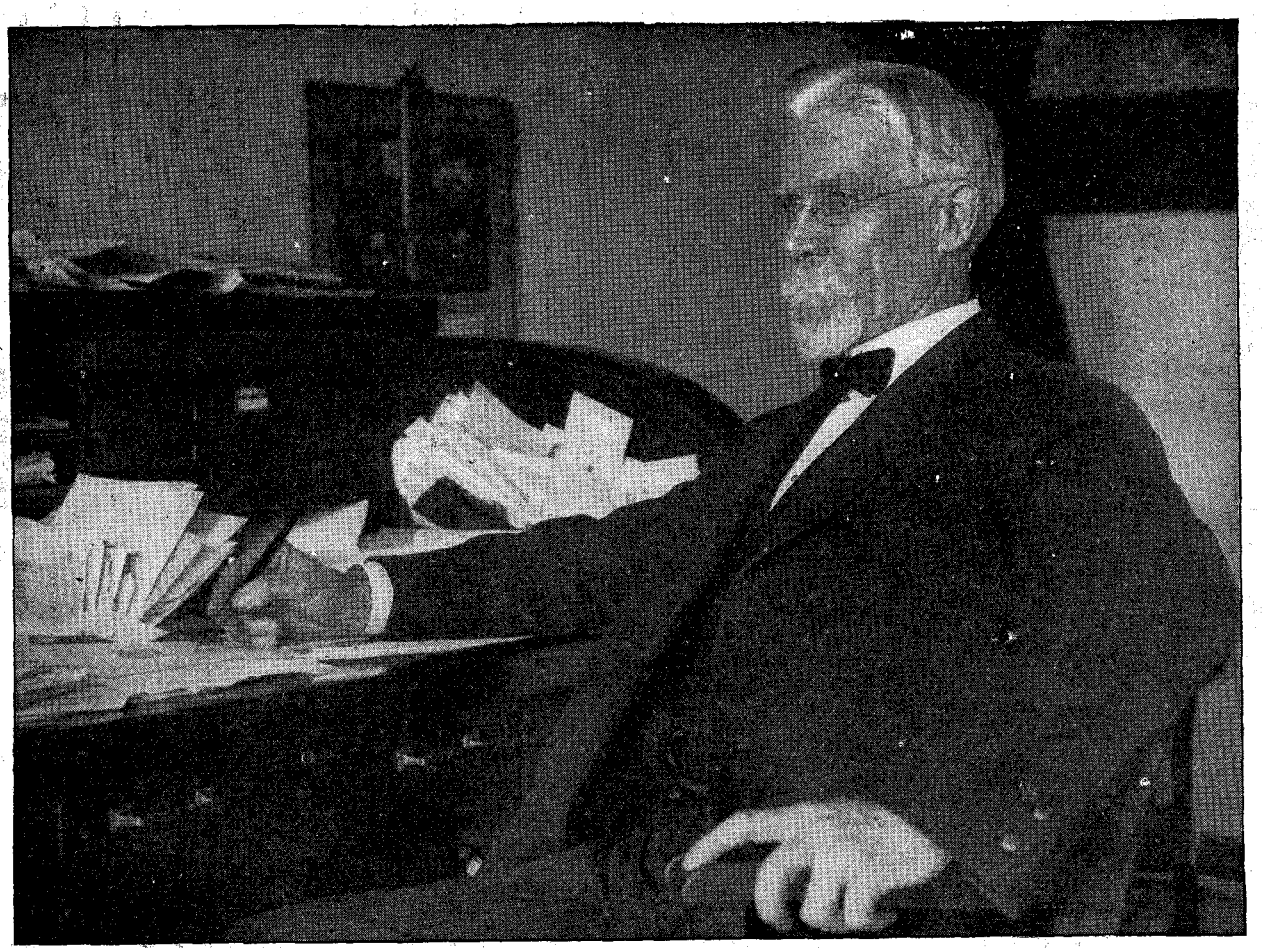

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OF INTEREST TO FARMERS AND CONSUMERS

Governor Glynn has recently appointed Mr. John J. Dillon, publisher of the "Rural New Yorker" and a widely known authority on agricultural problems, head of New York State's new "Bureau of the Department of Food and Markets." Mr. Dillon's task will be to bring consumer and producer together upon a basis of mutual profit. See editorial comment

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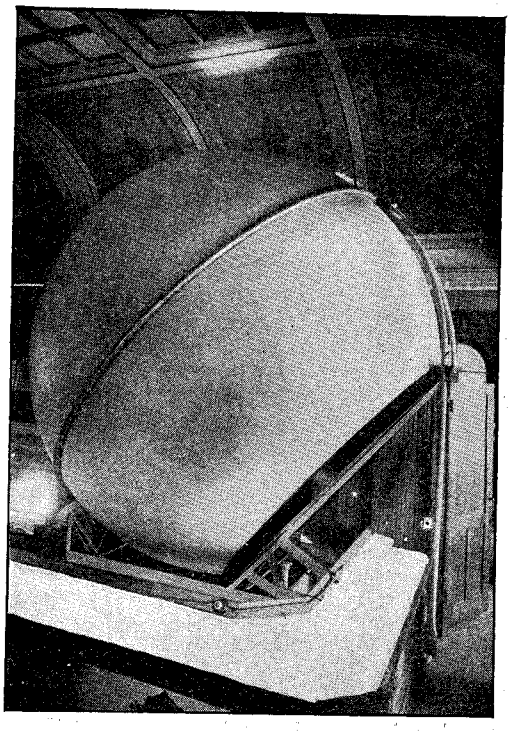
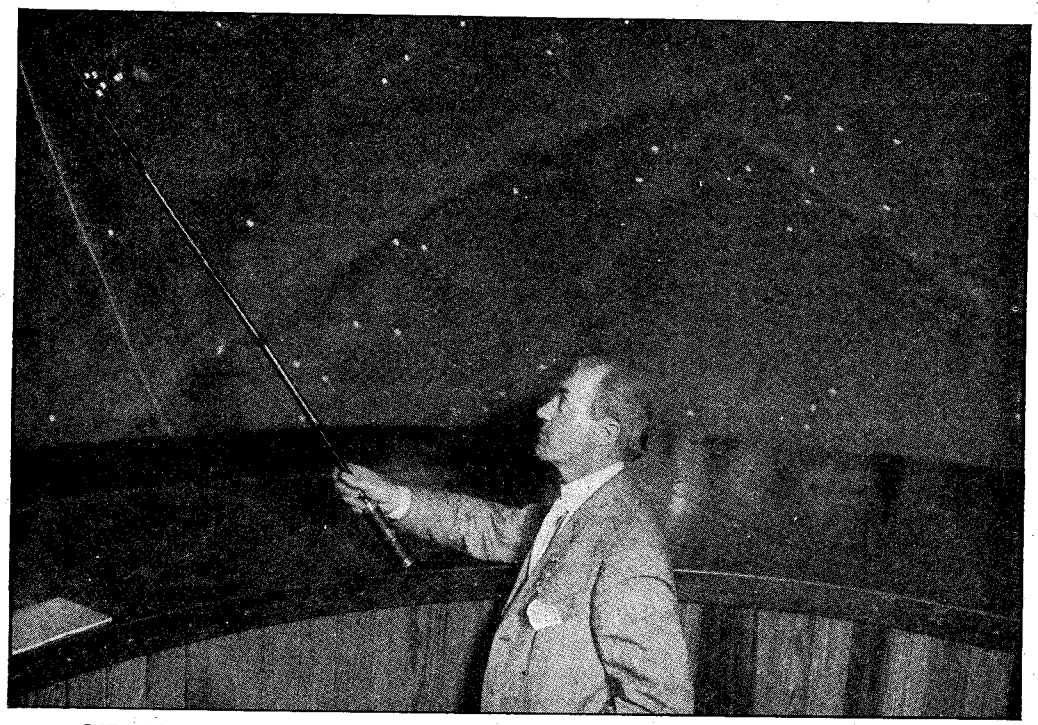
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

ENTRANCE TO SPHERE, SHOWING STEPS LEADING UP TO THE OBSERVER'S PLATFORM



SIDE VIEW OF THE SPHERE, SHOWING ENTRANCE DOOR



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SPHERE, WITH MR. ATWOOD GIVING A DEMONSTRATION

STUDYING THE HEAVENS BY MEANS OF A MINIATURE FIRMAMENT

This contrivance, called a Celestial Sphere, was built by Mr. Wallace W. Atwood, Secretary of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and presented to the Museum of the Academy by Mr. La Verne W. Noyes. It is fifteen feet in diameter, and is built of galvanized iron. Represented on the inside of the Sphere are 692 stars, the sun, the moon, and four planets. The Sphere revolves like the natural firmament, its movements being controlled by electricity. Its operation familiarizes the untrained observer with the correct position of the chief constellations, and facilitates the conception of problems in celestial mathematics

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tion of it with equanimity, even though they might admit the prospective benefit to the people and the state.

In justice to the Russian distillers, however, it is only fair to say that many of them, under the influence of the mental and emotional exaltation that now pervades the Empire, are showing a spirit of patriotic acquiescence and submission. Prince Obolenski, formerly Associate Minister of Finance, and now a large distiller, said recently to a reporter of the Petrograd "Reitch:" "Serious as the matter may be for us, if drunkenness can be eradicated, we distillers are in duty bound to welcome the reform and make every possible sacrifice for it." ("Reitch," September 12, 1914.)

At a convention of distillers held a few weeks ago in Minsk resolutions were adopted virtually recognizing the changed conditions as inevitable, but proposing to ameliorate them, as far as possible, by various business readjustments. It was proposed, for example, to ask the Government for an exclusive concession to manufacture alcohol for use in the arts, and, with the Government's assistance, to extend such use to the lighting of houses and the running of machinery and automobiles. It was also proposed that the Association be given the exclusive right to manufacture denatured alcohol for domestic use and to sell it freely to the people for lighting, cooking, and other purposes. The large surplus stock of potatoes now on hand (4,500,000 tons) might be utilized, it was thought, in the manufacture of starch and in the preparation of dried food for cattle. (Petrograd "Reitch," September 8, 1914.)

When vodka manufacturers show a disposition to accommodate themselves in this way to a radical change in their status, the presumption is that they will not be an insurmountable obstacle in the way of reform. If the Government treats them considerately, relieves them from burdensome excise taxes, helps them to extend the sale of alcohol for other than drinking purposes, and reimburses them, in part at least, for the loss that they must suffer, they will probably submit loyally, if not cheerfully, to the plainly expressed will of the people. But even if they do not, they will find it hard to resist the determination of the Czar.

Just when and how Nicholas II came to take an interest in the temperance question no one certainly knows. The story current in Russia is that, on his way back from the Crimea last year, the Czar insisted on visiting personally, and without previous announcement, a number of peasant villages. The evidences that he saw there of poverty and demoralization due to intemperance are said to have made a deep impression upon him, and to have satisfied him that something must be done to limit the vodka traffic. This story is probably true; because, in his rescript to M. Bark, the incoming Minister of Finance, in February last, the Czar referred to these visits, and said they had convinced him that "the success of the vodka monopoly was based on the ruin of the spiritual and economic forces of the people." He therefore directed the new Finance Minister to restrict the operations of the monopoly, and look for other sources of revenue that should be based "on the inexhaustible wealth of the country and the productive labor of its inhabitants."

Although little or nothing was done in the direction indicated, the Czar's convictions seem to have deepened with further study of the problem, and when, after the outbreak of war, the beneficent results of total abstinence became apparent, and the people had shown by countless petitions and appeals that they were ready for the reform, he publicly announced that the monopoly was at an end, and authorized the statement that "the sale of vodka by the Government would never be resumed."

Since that time Nicholas II seems to have become an extreme prohibitionist. He now has no tolerance for intoxicating liquor of any kind, and only a few weeks ago he and the Grand Duke Nicholas overruled the whole Council of Ministers on the question whether the transition from drunkenness to sobriety should not be made gradual by the substitution of beer for vodka. The Council agreed to reduce the alcoholic strength of the beer to three per cent and to increase the price to twenty kopeks a bottle, but the Czar and the Commander-in-Chief would not have it. Beer as well as vodka must go, at least during the continuance of the war. (Petrograd "Reitch," October 31, and New York "Evening Post," November 16, 1914.)

What the future of Russia will be as regards prohibition no one can possibly predict. It is safe to say that the state vodka monopoly will never be re-established, but there is a chance that the private sale of intoxicating liquor of some kind will be permitted again after the war. Such a result

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would be deplorable, because Russia now has a unique and absolutely unprecedented opportunity to abolish drunkenness forever. Before the war ends the peasants will be more or less accustomed to total abstinence, and they will have had such overwhelming evidence of its beneficial effects that they will be ready for its continuance. They are ready, in fact, now; and a plebiscite on the question to-day would show a unanimity that would astonish Europe. Russia in these days is often described as "barbarous," "semi-barbarous," or "mediæval;" but will it not be necessary to modify this characterization if in temperance reform she becomes the leader of the world, and sets an example for all mankind?

A few weeks ago an ardent social worker in Petrograd, inspired by the results of prohibition and the spiritual uplift caused by the war, said, enthusiastically: "We ought to erect a monument to Wilhelm II as a recognition of the service that he has rendered to Russia." ("Vestnik Evropa," September, 1914.) It was a hyperbolic expression, and was not intended, of course, to be taken seriously; but it shows how completely, in the opinion of Russian reformers, the war has changed the conditions of Russian life. That change, it is true, may be only transient; but if the Czar, on the re-establishment of peace, would abolish the sale of alcoholic liquor forever, and at the same time curb his bureaucratic officials, give civil and political equality to all of his subjects, and make reasonable concessions to the spirit of democracy, he might fairly count on the erection of a monument to him in every town and village of the Empire. Such action, unfortunately, cannot be predicted with confidence. More than once Nichalas II has had such an opportunity, but has lost it through weakness, fear, irresolution, or failure to keep faith.

THE RUSSIAN BOGEY

BY SASHA KROPOTKIN

*The author, Sasha Kropotkin Lebedeff, is the daughter of the famous Russian revolutionist, Peter Kropotkin, who refuses to use the title Prince. Her view of Russian affairs is that of one who deeply disapproves of despotism and reactionary ideas.—*THE EDITORS.

THE hope that this war will ultimately strike a stunning, if not a fatal, blow to militarism is almost universal. Yet the attitude of a great number of people on this subject is extremely curious. They are anxious that militarism in general, and German militarism in particular, should be stunned; but at the same time they appear to be oppressed by the thought that they may have to cry, when the war is over, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi.*" After Germany—Russia.

The blow which will crush German militarism will come, not from one country, but from all the countries allied against Germany; but, though England and France are hitting hard and Belgium has struck magnificently, still perhaps the heaviest blow will come from Russia. And there is the rub. For what if Russia, having helped to crush Germany, develops a psychology analogous to that of Germany after 1870, and, after tasting power, decides to become the greatest of all—fosters the spirit of militarism which we are now arrayed against?

Let us picture Russia victorious. Then (so argue those who fear the birth of Russian militarism) the Russian Government will triumph, Germany will be crushed, the balance of power will incline in favor of Russia. After that the situation becomes too horrible to contemplate.

These people might be reminded that their fear is of the possible aims which the Russian Government may develop, and that there is another Russia with which they do not reckon—the Russia of Tolstoy, Borodine, and Gorki. But for the time being that is forgotten, or people refuse to realize the extremely important fact that if Russia is instrumental in defeating Germany it will be largely owing to that other Russia.

This Russia, I will be told, has up to the present never had much say in the government of the country. Perhaps. But things

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are changing; and, though the autocratic régime in Russia has been greatly under Prussian influence and Prussian in its methods, still it has already lost some of its power and is likely to lose even more. I do not propose in this article to go into all the facts which prove conclusively to those who know anything about Russia, historically or geographically, or about Russians and their psychology (a decisive factor in the development of any country), why Russia can never become an aggressive militarist power.

There is a certain amount of sympathy and trust felt for the Russian people even by those who fear Russia as a power. My aim is to put a few facts and conclusions before those interested in Russia, showing that in the future development of the country the people must be, and will be, reckoned with.

Russians of all parties have sunk their differences; they are showing a united front. Just before the war there were barricades in Petrograd; the day the war was declared the barricades disappeared, and the men who had held them were the first to join the army. They were willing to lay aside their personal grievances in the desire to strike a blow at Germany; and it is military Germany at which they are aiming the blow. For those men and women owe an enormous debt to the *culture* of Germany. They know more about it, too, than the men and women of many other countries, having studied it more closely, eager to assimilate what was best in it. At the same time they realize perfectly that the first thing to droop and wither in the stifling atmosphere of German militarism is German culture. From supplying the world with the best music and literature and philosophy Germany has become an authority on uniforms and decorative dinner-ware. The Germans may have fashioned a great empire, but they have become a small people.

Now at last they may become a great people. If Europe succeeds in bursting the bonds of militarism, the first to benefit by the change will be Germany—how much remains to be seen. But it is interesting to remember Bebel's words, "Behind every war of the future there lurks a revolution." Many, on the other hand, expect a revolution in Russia. It is too early to foresee exactly what the war will bring, and I do not say that Russia will necessarily have a revolution when the war ends; but what I do affirm is that in Russia, *just as in every other country in Europe*, there will be a rapid evolution of the present forms of government.

Russia is essentially an unwarlike nation. She is in the throes of a great internal change; she wants to keep her forces for internal development, to gain the right to carry out a thousand and one schemes for the betterment of all classes.

Those barricades which sprang up in the streets of the outlying districts of Petrograd at the time of President Poincaré's visit were symptomatic of the unrest which, however it has been suppressed from above, is still active.

The real interest of this strike, with its barricades, lies in the fact that there was not actually any great cause for such extreme developments.

At one of the big factories in a suburb of Petrograd some workmen were dismissed. Their fellow-workers considered the dismissals unjust, and called a meeting of protest. The meeting was gigantic and was interrupted by the police, who attacked the crowd; the crowd retaliated, shots were fired, and several workmen were killed. Next day tens of thousands struck; the strike spread, and, like mushrooms after rain, the barricades grew up in a night. And yet nothing extraordinary has happened. Similar meetings and strikes and police raids had occurred before; but there had been no barricades. The inner meaning of that unrest and those barricades is the growing consciousness of the Russian people—and here I include both workers and intellectuals—that they have a right to *live*, that no one when they peacefully express their views on any subject shall shoot them down and go unquestioned.

The strength of that consciousness is proved by the unanimity with which the Russian people laid aside their grievances and took up arms to defend their country against an alien foe. They know that this war cannot stop the growth of that consciousness. And they know, moreover, that the Government needs the support of the people, and that by in their turn supporting it they will assert that fact.

The summoning of the Duma immediately after the war is a fact of great importance. For the first time the Government not only needed the help of the people and asked for it, but that help, through the people's representatives, was summoned and taken as a matter of course.

This war in no way resembles the Russo-

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Japanese War. That was essentially a war waged by the Government—to a great extent because that Government feared the people and hoped to avert the oncoming of the revolution which it knew to be inevitable. To-day every Russian knows what he is fighting for, and the great wave of patriotism which has swept the country has caused not only progressives to cease for the time their struggle with the Government, but it has also made the most violent reactionaries modify their views.

In the Duma Monsieur Pourishkevitch, most rabid of reactionaries, openly recanted many of his former beliefs—among others his anti-Semitic views, announcing his opinion that all should now have equal rights as Russian citizens.

What is more important is that the conservative paper the "Novoe Vremya" has proclaimed the beginning of a new era; the new era being, of course, the development and strengthening of a constitutional régime. The Government, in summoning a commission to investigate the financial position of the country, has invited not only representatives of moderate parties but also some extreme radicals—an altogether unprecedented step.

One of the most interesting developments of the war in Russia is the enormous organizations which have grown out of the Union of the Zemstvos and the Union of the Towns. During the Japanese War only the first of these was attempted, and was immediately forbidden to continue.

To-day the entire work of dealing with the wounded is undertaken by Prince Lvoff, the President of the Union of the Zemstvos. Through this Union, into which are incorporated all the zemstvos of Russia, Prince Lvoff controls everything connected with the wounded: clothes, medicaments, hospitals and their staffs, the collecting, caring for and feeding of the wounded themselves—in fact, everything.

This organization has attained colossal proportions; it has hundreds of warehouses in Moscow and elsewhere where things are collected and stored—several of the big theaters being used for this purpose. It has organized workrooms for sewing, etc., kitchens, hospitals, and convalescent homes. In the provinces private people co-operate, often by organizing something privately and then becoming "amalgamated" to the central organization.

The Government itself has placed funds in the hands of Prince Lvoff. When one of the grand duchesses wished to send a special hospital to the front, she had to summon Prince Lvoff, who came from Moscow to Petrograd to sanction the enterprise and to arrange all the details. And this is the same Prince Lvoff who has twice been nominated Lord Mayor of Moscow, and whose nomination has not been sanctioned by the Government because of the nominee's extreme liberalism!

This organization, together with the Union of the Towns, which is dealing with local distress and so on, will most probably remain after the war, and in that case will play an enormously important part in spreading education and culture all over Russia. It is already planning to deal with, and as far as possible to avert, any likelihood of bad crops or famine. The scope of its activities is almost limitless, in fact, and even should the Government wish to see it dissolved after the war it will not be easy to do so, for the useful work it is doing and the extraordinary efficiency with which the work is being done are gaining universal recognition.

The almost unanimous opinion of the leaders of even the Extreme Left is that this war is necessary; that Russia was more than justified in entering upon it; and that one of its results will be a freer régime in Russia itself after the war is over.

Among the veteran Russian revolutionists the same view is taken almost in every case, and the chief regret seems to be that they are too old to shoulder a rifle and to give their lives in defending their country.

Vladimir Bourtzeff, whose dramatic exposure of the famous *agent-provocateur* Azeff will be remembered, has returned to Russia, where he felt that he would be better able to serve his country. Previous to his departure a letter from him appeared in the "Times" (September 18). In this letter he announced his belief that "to Russia this war will bring regeneration. We are convinced that after this war there will no longer be any room for political reaction, and Russia will be associated with the existing group of cultured and civilized countries."

And yet on the frontier Bourtzeff was arrested, and at the moment of writing is still detained in prison. The charge against him is not known. An even more interesting point is that the Premier and the Ministers of Justice, of Foreign Affairs, and of the

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Interior have openly stated that they have nothing against his release.

At the same time there are cases of revolutionaries who have returned to Russia and who are living there without being interfered with in any way.

It is necessary that these contradictory facts be set down, because it is essential that those who are interested in Russia should realize that beneath the mass of contradictions which Russian life presents at the moment there still flows steadily a clear and undeviating current of progress.

There is no amnesty, yet the papers speak openly of one.

There is no longer any drink (and the effect of this measure is miraculous), not because the Czar willed that this should be so, but because in issuing this edict *he obeyed the wish of the people.*

In villages remote and, according to Western ideas, almost uncivilized the peasants passed resolutions asking that the wine-shops should be closed. Their voices were raised to demand what they knew to be best for themselves.

And it is such facts as these which make the future of Russia clear to all who wish to see.

The revolution—if we can call the uprisings of 1905–6 by this name—was checked as a river is checked by a powerful dam. But the river is no longer a river. There is no revolution—perhaps there will be none—but there is a tide; and as the oncoming of the sea cannot be checked, for wherever you build a dam the tide will flow on either side of it, so the tide of this conscious demand uttered quietly and peristently by the people cannot be checked even by ramparts of the dead.

As one of the meager proofs of Russia's nefarious ultimate intentions, it was inevitable that the bogey of a Russian invasion of India should be resuscitated. But that poor bogey is fast losing its sawdust.

The greatest Russian politicians and military authorities—notably General Kuropatkin—have repeatedly affirmed that the conquest of India would be the beginning of the end of the Russian Empire. Owing to the almost insurmountable difficulties and the extravagant expenditure which the campaign alone would entail, such an undertaking is altogether outside the range of possibilities. The world has changed since the day when General Skobeleff declared that "the road to Constantinople lies through India." England and Russia were traditional foes in those days.

Certainly Russia will not allow Constantinople to be taken by any one—that is why she did not allow Bulgaria to advance beyond Tchataldja. But Constantinople will lose its importance in the eyes of Russia as soon as the question of the opening of the Dardanelles is settled favorably. When that has been arranged, Russia's ambition no longer concerns Europe politically.

People talk glibly of the necessity of conserving Germany's eastern frontier. Why? Against whom and what? It is not Germany's eastern frontier that has mattered one jot in the European balance of civilization; it is that *Russia* lay beyond that frontier and served as the bulwark, not only of Germany, but of Europe, against the Tartars who overran her and put back her civilization by a couple of centuries. It is idle speculation, but an interesting point nevertheless, to wonder whether Germany would have maintained as much culture as Russia has done had she been forced to bear the brunt of such an invasion.

Russian bureaucracy, like all bureaucracies, has welcomed militarism, and has counted on it confidently as a support. With a weaker Germany there will no longer be either excuse or necessity for encouraging it, and the bureaucracy will lose ground proportionately. Above all, the democracy, having played an all-important part in the campaign, will not only be more actively conscious of its rights, but it will find them easier to obtain. A government financially weakened, as is inevitable after any war, becomes more dependent on its people—and more tractable. This applies not only to Russia proper. Poland has already obtained rights which for centuries have been denied her, though progressive Russia has always ardently desired and advocated these rights. In all probability Finland, the Caucasus, and the immeasurably wronged Jews will obtain certain liberties and rights. All these peoples are standing by Russia with the greatest loyalty.

It is obvious that if progressive Russia has joined forces with reactionary Russia for the moment, it is because she feels herself strong enough to postpone her own demands. And in that case she is hardly likely to allow herself to be yoked with a home-grown militarism after she has laid aside her own grievances and shed her blood while helping to strike a blow at another militarism which, though irksome to other nations, has weighed most heavily on its own people.

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THE SECRET CHRISTMAS TREE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

IN the kitchen of the little house on the mountain-side there was only one sound, the whirring of a sewing-machine. The kitchen was a pleasant place. There was a glowing fire in the stove, a brightly striped rag carpet on the floor, and a red cloth on the table. In three of the four deeply embrasured windows were potted geraniums. By the fourth stood the machine which whirred so busily.

It was Christmas eve, and if a little shawl and sunbonnet and a little boy's overcoat hanging on pegs behind the door were any sign, there were children in the house. But there was no sign of Christmas; there were no stockings hung before the fire, there was no tree, there were no presents. The mother who turned the machine was making men's shirts of coarse fabric. To her right on a table lay piles of separate portions of shirts—sleeves, fronts, bands, cuffs; on the floor to her left, a great heap of finished garments. Her bent head was motionless; she was able to shift the material upon which she was working from one side to the other without moving her shoulders or lifting her eyes, so that she seemed to work upon an unending seam. She had set herself the finishing of a certain number of dozen before the New Year, and she had her task almost finished, though it was only Christmas eve.

By the table sat an old man. He had a bright face and blue eyes; one would have said he had still a good deal of the energy and strength of his youth. He was reading the Christmas story in the Bible, but his eyes strayed often from the page, whose contents he knew by heart, to the figure by the machine. Once when the left hand swept to the floor a finished garment he started from his chair. But the right hand was already gathering together the pieces of another, and he sank back.

When the shrill little clock on the mantel struck eleven and the deft hand gathered up still another garment, the old man tiptoed to the door and opened it. He went across the yard and there entered a little shop and struck a match. Then he exclaimed in joy over the product of his own hands.

"It's the handsomest I ever seen!" said he.

Almost filling the little shop, its proud head bent, its wide arms spread benignantly, stood a Christmas tree, gorgeous, glittering. Each tiny twig was tipped with a white ball; among the branches hung thick clusters of golden fruit. There was no other color; the old gentleman had, it was clear, fine taste in Christmas trees.

Beneath the tree was a village. Into green moss were stuck little tree-like sprigs of pine; scattered about were miniature houses. Here a little horse carved out of wood drew a cart; here a flock of sheep wandered. There was a mill beside a glassy pond—a mill whose wheel, set in the brook in summer-time, would really turn. On one side of the garden stood a full-sized sled, upon it a chess-board, both hand-made, but neatly finished; upon the other side a doll's cradle with a little squirrel skin cut neatly for a cover, and two necklaces, one of rose hips and one of gourd seeds. Before the garden lay another group of presents—a neatly carved spool-holder and a little pile of skins for muff or tippet.

It was a beautiful sight even to one who had had no hand in the making. But now suddenly the old man's enthusiasm seemed to fail. He shook his head solemnly and went back to the house.

"I'll have to tell her soon," said he. "I'll have to tell her now."

Then the clock on the mantel struck twelve, the machine stopped, and the worker got stiffly to her feet. She was a tall, strong person, with a sad, preoccupied face. It was difficult to believe that she was the daughter of the little blue-eyed old man. At once he, too, rose and laid his book on the table. He looked up at the tall figure as though he were a little afraid of it.

"Susan," said he, "are you tired?"

"Yes," answered Susan.

"Susan," the old man began with a little gasp, "I wish you'd—" He looked longingly toward the door which led out toward the little shop.

"You wish I'd what, gran'pap?"

The old man's courage failed completely.

"I wish you'd go to bed, Susan."

"I am going," answered Susan. "Good-night, gran'pap."

When the last sound of Susan's step had died away, gran'pap put coal on the fire and blew out the light.

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"Oh, my! oh my!" said he. "What will she say when she finds it out?"

Then, slowly, forgetting that the lamp burned in the little shop across the yard, he climbed the stairs.

It was almost three months since the subject of Christmas had been broached in the little house. Then, one pleasant October afternoon, when the children left the main road and turned in at the by-road which led toward home, they found gran'pap sitting on the fence. He missed the children, who, dinner-pail and books in hand, walked two miles to the school-house before half-past eight in the morning and did not return until half-past four in the afternoon. Thomas could have covered the distance much more speedily, but little Eliza could not walk fast. Now, in October, the sun was already near its setting.

Gran'pap had a knife in his hand and was whittling something very tiny. When the children came in sight, he put both knife and handiwork into his pocket. He greeted them with a cheerful shout, and they smiled at him and came up slowly. Thomas and Eliza took their pleasures very soberly. Though gran'pap had lived with them since spring, they were not yet accustomed to his levity, fascinating as it was.

Eliza took his hand and trotted in a satisfied way beside him. She was a fat little girl, and her old-fashioned clothes made her look like a demure person of middle age. Thomas stepped along on the other side, trying to set each foot as far ahead of the other as gran'pap did.

"Well," said gran'pap, "here we are!"

"And what," said Thomas, with a happy skip and a wave of the dinner-pail, "what are we going to do to-night?"

Gran'pap sniffed the sharp air, which promised frost.

"Wait till you hear the chestnuts rattlin' Saturday!" said he. "I have poles ready for beatin' 'em, and I made each of you a pair of mittens for hullin' 'em."

Saturday's pleasure, while delectable, was still too far away and too uncertain for Thomas.

"But to-night, gran'pap, what about to-night?"

"To-night," said gran'pap, solemnly, having approached the greater joy through the less, "to-night we make our plans for Christmas!"

"For Christmas?" said Thomas and Eliza together.

"Why, you act as though you never seen or heard of Christmas!" mocked the old man. "As though you were heathen!"

"We haven't seen Christmas," said the little girl.

"I did once," corrected Thomas. "There was a tree with bright gold things on it and lights. We had it in the house. I guess 'Lizie couldn't remember; she was very little." He drew closer to the old man and spoke in a low tone, "He was here still."

"But last Christmas and the Christmas before. You had a tree then?"

"No," insisted the little boy.

"Why, there's trees in plenty!" cried gran'pap. "But perhaps," added he, hurriedly, "perhaps she couldn't get any one to cut it for her. But you had presents!"

"The Snyder children had a present," said little Eliza. "It was a sled. Sandy Claus brought it."

"But *you* had presents," insisted gran'pap.

"No," said Thomas and Eliza together.

"I guess she was very busy," said gran'pap, with a frown. Then face and voice brightened. "But this year I'm on hand to cut the tree and I'm on hand to trim the tree."

The children looked up at him. It was clear that they had not entire faith in gran'pap's powers.

"And presents," continued gran'pap. "If you could have your choice of presents, what would you like to have?"

"I would like a gun," said Thomas.

"I would like—" Little Eliza gave a long, long sigh—"I would like a locket. I saw one in a picture."

"I do not know what you will get," said the old man, "but you will get something."

Then gran'pap hurried his own steps and theirs.

"She'll be lookin' for us, children. Mooley's to be milked and wood's to be fetched."

Further progress was swift, for the road descended sharply. Under the shelter of a small cliff-like elevation stood the little house, startlingly white in the thickening darkness. It was a lonely place, entirely out of sight of other houses. Though it was protected from the coldest of the winter winds, it was not out of reach of their mournful sound.

From the kitchen window a bright light shone. Susan lit the lamp by her machine early. They could see her head and shoulders plainly as she bent over her work. At sight

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of her gran'pap and the children became silent.

"She's always busy," said gran'pap, after a moment. "She's wonderful, she is."

Thomas and Eliza made no answer. They had had no experience with a mother who was not perpetually busy. Gran'pap began to whistle, as though to warn her of their presence, and she lifted her head and looked out into the dusk. Her face, now as always intensely grave and preoccupied, brightened a little. The company of a grown person must have been a blessing in this quiet spot. For three years Susan had lived here alone with her children.

Gran'pap did not go at once into the house, but took from the bench beside the door a large milk-pail and went to the barn. The children followed him, and stood just inside the door, listening to the milk rattling into the pail. Gran'pap talked to Mooley, complimenting her upon her sleek coat and her beautiful eyes, upon her gentleness, and upon the abundance of her milk. When he had finished, he and the children went into the house together. Thomas took off his cap and Eliza her shawl and sunbonnet, and gran'pap hung them up on the high pegs. Then he looked sorrowfully at the figure before the sewing-machine.

"Ain't you stopping yet, Susan?"

"I must make one more," came the answer from the bent head. "The man comes to fetch them to-morrow."

"But not till afternoon, Susan, and see all you have done!"

Susan made no answer. Stepping quietly, gran'pap poured the milk into crocks, and carried the crocks into the cellar. When he returned, he gave the fire a little shake and began to get supper. He set the table and cut the potatoes and meat for stew, and put the stew on the stove. As he sliced the onion he made queer grimaces to amuse Thomas and Eliza. When a savory odor began to rise, the figure at the machine turned.

"You needn't 'a' done that, gran'pap!"

"Oh, yes, Susan. Now when you're done, supper 'll be ready."

The machine whirred a little faster, the hands moved a little more swiftly. The sleeves of a shirt were added to the body, the band was put in place. Once Susan sighed, but so quickly did the whirring sound begin once more that the sigh reached the ears of no one but herself.

The two children sat, meanwhile, upon the settle, their school-books in their hands. But they did not study. They pondered upon what gran'pap had said. Gran'pap had brought many miracles to pass. It was possible that he would bring this heavenly one to pass also. Sometimes they whispered to each other.

When the whirring machine stopped and the mother pushed back her chair, gran'pap announced the feast ready. Susan carried the lamp from the machine to the table. She looked wretchedly tired. She rubbed her hand across her forehead, and when she sat down at the table she shielded her eyes from the light.

For once the children did not see that she was tired, for once they burst without thought into speech. Gran'pap's promise had intoxicated them.

"Gran'pap says we will have a Christmas," said Thomas, before he had lifted his spoon.

"With a big tree. He will cut it."

"And with presents," said Eliza.

"I would like a gun," said Thomas.

"And I a locket," said Eliza.

The mother shivered. She put her hands again to her forehead and closed her eyes.

"No," said she. "There will be no Christmas."

"But, Susan—"

Susan looked straight at her father. Her answer was final, but it was not rude; it sounded cruel, but the old man was neither hurt nor offended.

"This is my house, father. There can be no tree and no presents. I cannot stand a tree, and I have no money for presents."

The old man uttered a single "But"—then he said no more. The faces of Thomas and Eliza drooped, but they said nothing. After a while they looked furtively at their grandfather, as though to see how this correcting of his plans affected him. When they saw that tears dropped from his eyes, they looked down upon their plates.

But grandfather was not long sad. He helped Susan to clear the table, then he sat down with the children. When they had finished their sums and had learned their spelling lesson and had read—toes on the stripe in the carpet, backs straight, books held in a prescribed manner—their reading lessons, he drew animals for them and cut rows of soldiers for Thomas and babies for Eliza. Their mother folded the shirts she had finished, laid fresh work on the machine for the

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morning, and sewed for an hour by hand on a dress for Eliza. Then she bade the children go to bed.

"Are you going to sit up, gran'pap?" she asked, gently.

"A little," said gran'pap.

"Good-night," said Susan.

Gran'pap sat by the table for a long time, his head on his hand. Gradually the expression of his face changed from sadness to a grim yet tender determination.

"We will see," said he aloud.

Then he read a chapter in his Bible and went to bed.

On Saturday gran'pap and the children went chestnutting. Their luck was amazing. After enough chestnuts had been reserved to supply the family's most extensive needs, there were ten quarts to be sold. With the money they bought ten spools of thread for Susan.

"You'll get more for your work if you don't have to pay your money for thread," said gran'pap.

Susan gave a little gasp. One who did not know her might have thought that she was about to cry. But Susan never cried.

"You oughtn't to have spent your money for me," she said.

If gran'pap was disappointed or grieved because Susan had said that the children could have no Christmas, he did not show it. He kept the wood-box full, he drove Mooley along the roadside to find a little late grass, and he heard the children say their lessons. When he was not thus occupied, he was in his little shop across the yard. Thither he had brought from his old home a jig-saw, a small turning lathe, and sundry other carpenter tools. He had here a little stove, and here on stormy days he worked. On pleasant days he made repairs to the house and barn, so that they should be winter-tight.

"The squirrels have thick coats," said he. "Look out for cold weather!"

As a matter of fact, gran'pap disregarded entirely his daughter's prohibition. When the children were at school and late at night, gran'pap was at work. He carved the animals for the garden and made the little houses and the cradle and the chess-board, and he gilded walnuts and hickory nuts to hang upon the tree, and popped the corn to make the little balls for the finishing of each branch. It was a long task; gran'pap often sat up half the night. Sometimes he worked in hope, sometimes in despair.

"When she sees it in its grandeur, she will feel different," said he when he was hopeful.

"Trouble's got fixed on her mind," said he when he despaired. "Perhaps she can't change any more."

"But I'll try"—this was the invariable conclusion of grandfather's meditations. "For the sake of her and these children, I'll try."

Several times gran'pap was almost caught. The odor of popcorn was sniffed by Thomas and Eliza, returning a little earlier than usual from school, and a large supply had to be handed over to them. A spot of gilding on gran'pap's coat was explained with difficulty. For the last days after the great tree had been dragged into the shop and set up gran'pap was in constant fear.

"On Christmas eve, after those children are in bed, I'll take her over," planned gran'pap. "I'll have a light burning. When she sees the tree, she'll feel different."

But now Christmas eve was past and Susan had not been led to the little shop. Susan had gone to her room and gran'pap had gone to his and Christmas morning was almost at hand. Gran'pap had never been so miserable.

"She'll never forgive me," said he, as he lay down upon his bed and looked up at the stars. "Oh dear! oh dear!"

At two o'clock gran'pap woke, conscious of a disturbance of mind. He lay for a moment thinking of Susan, then he realized that it was another uneasiness which had disturbed him.

"I left that light burning!" said he, as he sprang out of bed.

He dressed quickly, and went down the stairs into the kitchen. To his consternation the door stood ajar.

"Burglars!" said gran'pap. Then gran'pap stood still. The shop was on the side of Susan's room; he saw in the dim firelight that Susan's shawl was gone from its hook.

"Oh my! oh my!" said gran'pap, as he made his way across the yard.

Then he came to another abrupt pause in his progress. He heard a sound, a strange sound, the sound of crying. He tiptoed closer to the door of the shop. Within sat Susan upon a low bench, her head bent low, her hands across her face. He could see her shoulders heave, he could hear the pitiful sound of her sobbing.

Gran'pap was in despair. He did not know what he should do, whether he should

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go forward or back. It was evident at least that his plan had not been successful.

"She's never cried before," said he.

Then, seeing Susan rise, he took a middle course and stepped into the shadow of the little building. Susan did not give another glance at the beautiful tree with its outstretched arms; she went across the yard, still crying, and into the house.

"She even forgot to lock the door," said gran'pap, as he went into the shop.

He stood for a moment and looked at the tree.

"We can keep the door locked," said he, mournfully. "I can give 'em the things another time. Perhaps she would let me give 'em each one thing this morning."

Then gran'pap heard a stir, the sound of a footstep, the rustle of approaching skirts. He turned and faced the door.

"Susan!" said he.

It was Susan come back, Susan with a burden in her arms. She looked at her father with a start. Her face was different. It was suddenly clear that she had been a beautiful girl. She laid her burden upon the little bench.

"Here is a little rifle that was his father's," said she. "And here is a little chain and locket that was mine. You put them under the tree, gran'pap."

"Oh, Susan!" said the old man.

But Susan was already at the door. There she turned and looked back. Again she was crying, but she was smiling, too. It was plain that for Susan the worst of grief was past.

"Merry Christmas, gran'pap!" said she. "You'd better go to bed."

"Same to you!" faltered gran'pap.

Then he took the little rifle and the chain and locket in his hands and hugged them to his breast.

"Oh my! oh my! oh my!" said gran'pap. "What will those children do!"

THE SPECTATOR

RETURNING from the post-office of an Appalachian hamlet where the Spectator was spending a brief holiday, he heard himself courteously saluted by a gaunt, unshaven man who was leaning on the gate of his narrow premises to enjoy an evening hour of leisure and the companionship of passing villagers. The kindly, familiar "Howdy" brought the Spectator to a halt. He replied as nearly as he could in the same spirit of friendliness, and, without waiting for the inevitable "Where be you from?" gave his name, address, and reason for coming into the neighborhood. Commonplace as these statements were, they instantly made the Spectator an object of interest, for if one pleasure is sweeter than another to the mountaineer, it is discovering a "foreigner." Without being asked, the native's name was politely mentioned in return, and then the conversation turned upon the loveliness of a summer night in the Land of the Sky, upon the purity of the mountain water, and the majesty of the forests. Having need to ask his wife a question, the man turned scarcely at all towards her and spoke in a voice hardly audible to the Spectator himself, yet was answered from the porch in a like subdued tone and was asked in turn whether the stranger wouldn't come in and take a seat. This he was glad to do. The best chair, with seat of woven splits, was placed for him, while his hosts tipped back their commoner chairs against the wall and made themselves supposedly comfortable.

Overhead the porch continued at a gentler angle the roof of the house itself, for, like every other dwelling in the village, this was but one story in height. There may have been a shed at the back, but the dwelling proper contained only two rooms. It had never been painted inside or out, had nowhere any plaster, was lighted, or rather saved from complete darkness, by a few pitiful windows, and in its scanty furnishings was not so much plain as rude. Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay—no, not all the Cæsars together could have stopped the cracks that yawned over the whole outside of this average home. To keep the wind away your mountain white—there are almost no Negroes—papers the interior of his cabin with illustrated magazines and Sunday newspapers several thicknesses deep. The Spectator was in one wreck of a shanty that was garnished with views of the John Harvard House at Stratford-on-Avon. But this eve-

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ning the Spectator was spared the depression of sitting indoors. His sympathy was obliged to go out only to the dejected dooryard in front, saved from utter sordidness by wild honeysuckle and a few spindling yuccas. It was the perfection of a summer night. At four thousand feet above the sea noonday heat always yields at dusk to the refreshment of perhaps sixty degrees. The moon lay mild and languid over against "day's golden death." Above a freight-house across the road glittered the evening star. A creek (not *crick*, if you please; a mountaineer never makes that mistake) was gurgling along its rocky course behind the hamlet and filling the twilight with a sound like that of rain. It may have been the sweet influences of the hour, perhaps it was only the treat of having a fresh listener, but somehow the talk soon slipped away from working-day things and turned to the shadows that lay dark on that hearthstone.

Less than a year before, the parents said, a married daughter of theirs had died; and still more recently a son of sixteen summers, away off in West Virginia, had been killed in a coal mine. With evident relief in living over in fancy those first days of loss, the father told, in a voice firm but hopeless, how he might have received the despatch sooner than he did receive it had such and such been the case, but how, as things were, he reached there too late for a parting word; how he had only the poor consolation of bringing the lad home and laying him in the brier-tangled, weed-grown cemetery, as the Spectator had found the village burying-place to be, up on the hillside. It was not the boy's fault, said the father, that he met with the accident; a runaway car had dashed into the group, and he couldn't get out of its way. Nor was the boy to blame for leaving home. What was there in these mountains, after the timber was gone, for a bright young chap to do? No, it was not George's fault. He was a good boy. With face turned toward the planet over the freight-house, the father had finished his part of the story.

"Yes, he *was* a good boy"—the mother had now taken up the word—"so helpful and loving. 'Pears like he was the most helpful of all my thirteen children. Every night when he come home from work he'd be so keen to git out with the boys, loved to be with 'em, you know, till bedtime [how this consisted with helpfulness the Spectator did not interrupt to ask], never stayed out too late, and 'ud always tell where he'd been. Seems like I thought more of George than of ary boy I had. I ain't got nothin' to say against the Lord for taking him away. I don't guess there's anything wrong about that. But hit would 'a' been so nice if he could have lived a few years more."

No tears were in her voice or eyes. Sorrow did not find vent in that way. Neither was the Spectator's voice unsteady as he rose to say good-night, touching as were those simple annals of the poor. Through a midnight of rhododendron and hemlock and balsam he made his way uphill to the hotel, "the still, sad music of humanity" sounding in his mental ear. Nor did the pathos of the little interview seem to him less from the fact that throughout it both father and mother had been chewing and spitting tobacco.

The Spectator's bachelor friend, one of the satisfied, brazen sort, though at home he passes for an eccentric or unfortunate individual, found himself in Appalachia a living curiosity.

"Not married!" said one of his hosts. "Did I understand you to say you ain't married? How's that? What's the matter? I reckon you-all wouldn't 'a' lived fifty years in these parts without gittin' you a wife."

The bachelor encountered one day on the road a boy who was driving a bag-of-bones; said he had just been "carrying pappy over to so-and-so." The usual "Where you from?" and "What's your name?" were followed by "Married, I s'pose?" The bachelor was obliged to correct the supposition.

"Why, how old be you?"

"Fifty-four."

"Well, now! Don't believe I ever see a person that old before and not married."

These leading queries in the social catechism of the mountains being settled, the boy remarked that he'd "been gettin' himself a new pair of shoes;" would the stranger like to see them? A box was brought out from under the buggy seat and the footwear proudly displayed.

"Cost three dollars and seventy-five cents."

The delight the stranger showed in just feeling such leather led to further confidence.

"I've been gittin' me a new hat, too."

And then the space under the buggy seat

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yielded a paper parcel, and the parcel yielded a drab felt hat, which the stranger found it harder than ever to overpraise. These appreciations had their reward, or might have had, for the boy, in a mounting spirit of friendship, begged the bachelor to get in and go home with him; mammy would just love to have him come, and there'd be room to stay all night. Though obliged to decline going, the foreigner was not so forgetful of good form as not to ask where the home was.

"We live 'bout three mile from here [the real distance was less than two miles; in Appalachia distances are apt to be overstated], down under the hill jes' beyond the blacksmith shop and the church. My pappy runs 'em both; he's a blacksmith and a preacher."

"And what is your name?"

"Ezll."

"How do you spell it?"

"E-z-double l."

But knowing how low the tide of education runs thereabouts, the Spectator's friend has been heard to say that as to that spelling he thought the boy might Ezll-y be mistaken.

The Spectator, too, was not without his share of proffered hospitality. A man past middle age whom he met on a road, and who, like nearly every one you meet, had a half-hour to spare for making acquaintance, insisted on the Spectator's coming to see him.

"I have married," he said, "a widow who has a good house and farm. Now do come see us."

With a polite evasion the Spectator went on, and presently came to a teamster who was "spelling" his mules. Roads soon became the subject of talk, the Spectator being always ready to deplore the state of most of the roads. How were farmers to get their stuff to market? Think of carrying eggs over such a country! No auto could go a mile. At length the Spectator apologized for keeping the teamster so long and was moving on, when the latter exclaimed: "No, *sir*, you ain't keepin' me. I'd jest like to set here till it was plumb dark hearin' you talk."

An old bear-hunter with whom the Spectator passed an hour of gossip was equally urgent; the Spectator *must* pay him a visit; must come stay all night; it wouldn't cost him a cent.

The Spectator's sentiments regarding roads were founded on experience. From seven o'clock one morning till twelve he made a twenty-mile journey over not the worst road he saw in Appalachia, but one that put him to bed on reaching his destination. A one-horse "rig" would have answered, but the buggy was not to be had; it was where it no doubt belonged, where it must chronically belong—at the repair shop. The only vehicle to be had was a two-seated surrey, which, of course, required two horses. Uncle Joe was sent along as driver and the Spectator was the only passenger. Both occupied the front seat, in order to act as buffers for each other. A suit-case, a box of lunch, and a bag of feed found place under the back seat. For some miles the going was easy enough to admit of conversation.

Though counted among the old men of his neighborhood, an estimate justified by face and figure, Uncle Joe was that day passing only his six-and-fiftieth birthday. Various people known both to him and to the Spectator came under review that morning, not in the spirit of detraction, yet, as a rule, to the damage of their reputation, at least to the overthrow of the Spectator's impressions. Usually the matter turned upon the fatal flask, a vessel that Uncle Joe is indulgent towards, since, in his opinion, a drink now and then don't hurt nobody. What does hurt are his own eldest son's shortcomings.

"S'pose Tom never told you he had a wife, but he has. We don't know where she's at. He never ought to have married her. Says he don't know hisself why he done it, her ten years older'n him and with a child she ought not to have. You never laid eyes on a nicer-lookin' girl, though, jest as pretty and decent, but—bad! Yes, sir, I'm a pore man, al'ays have been pore, and we've had a sight of mighty hard luck. I've ben run away with different times, broke me leg once, broke me arm once, wife's got consumption, I only git thirty-five dollars a month and have five little folks, a year ago our cow died, and then we done lost all we had in a fire; but nothin' ain't hurt us like Tom's gittin' married. I'd rather 'a' follered him to his grave."

Here the lurching of the surrey became so violent that all Uncle Joe's attention was needed to hold the brake, to "jaw" the horses, and keep them going at all. The highway passed into the bed of a stream. Against rock and boulder the vehicle bumped

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for a quarter of a mile. The way was so narrow that laurel brushed the horses' sides, and, together with towering pines and poplars and chestnuts, closed overhead in a complete alley of leafage. The Spectator wondered aloud what would happen if teams chanced to meet in a place like that. The idea was not in the least disturbing to Uncle Joe, who merely reckoned "they'd have trouble in gittin' by." No more did it concern him as to what people must do who are obliged to take these views afoot, on a road running two inches deep with water.

The forest shades past, into the sunlight again reeled the surrey, every wheel at every revolution striking stump or stone or dropping into a rut. Not only was the way strewn with loose stones, but out among them cropped the earth ribs, unyielding, uncompromising, tipping the carriage till the Spectator was compelled to hold on with both hands. At places the road was what Uncle Joe called "awful sidlin';" the path for the horses lay in a trench three feet below the ridge on which the wheels of one side must travel and two feet below the opposite ridge. As the trench, moreover, was wide enough for only one animal, two crowded each other and scrambled for a footing. The pitch of the road downhill made it further necessary to brace one's self against the dashboard, while the impedimenta slipped forward and crowded the Spectator's feet.

Four miles an hour downhill is not fast driving except under the tyranny of Swedish movements magnified. Even that rate, however, at length brought the journey to an end, and Uncle Joe to the conclusion that "they hadn't fixed them roads as good as they might."

THE NEW BOOKS

ART AND HOLIDAY BOOKS

Dickens's London (In). By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

This is not a picture-book, any more than "Thackeray's London," which came from the same hand last year, was a picture-book; it is a book with pictures, which is a very different matter. It is not, however, like many books with pictures, an important text with unimportant illustrations. The text and the illustrations are not arbitrarily put together; they belong together. Both these novelists were London bred though not London born, and London is the background of the great body of their work. Colonel Newcome's London is not the London of Mr. Pickwick, any more than the Paris of "Les Misérables" is the Paris of "Kings in Exile;" but both cities are vitally related to fiction so intimately descriptive of different aspects of their life that these novels have the value of municipal records.

London gave itself generously to Thackeray and to Dickens, and it has furnished rich material for the artist-biographer of both novelists. "London is charcoal and charcoal is London," writes the author; and from George's Inn, where Sam Weller met the demand of Number Twenty-two for his boots with the historic reply, "Vill he 'ave 'em now or vait till he gets 'em?" to the memorial in the Abbey, we see again "the wonderful velvet blacks, soft vapory skies, and streaming silver-washed streets of London," and realize that charcoal is the only medium that can convey the rich picturesqueness of a city whose atmosphere waited for Whistler, Monet, and Pennell to reveal its artistic quality.

The text and the illustrations run well together, Dickens furnishing the explanatory matter, reinforced and "connected up" by the experiences of the illustrator. Those who read the Thackeray book will not need to be told that these experiences are varied and interesting, never getting between the reader and the men and women who live in Dickens's London, but reviving our memories of them and convincing us afresh of their human reality. Setting out from George's Inn and the immortal Sam Weller, we go through Lane Street, where Bob Sawyer lived, to the house in Doughty Street in which Dickens finished the "Pickwick Papers." Then we run down to Rochester, associated with Mrs. Winkle; this place the novelist knew in his childhood, and Trollope used as the background of "Barchester Towers." We are taken to Gads Hill, where Dickens lived in the later years and where he died, to London Bridge, St. Martin's in the Fields, the little court in the Temple dear to lovers of English literature long before the time of Dickens, through Lincoln's Inn Fields and other locali-

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ties familiar to lovers of Dickens, to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

This charming volume effects a kind of Dickens revival; to read it is very like rereading the Dickens novels. Mr. Smith has not only the eye and hand of the artist, but he is of the true Dickens cult; he has the feeling for the human drama expressed in the struggles, tragedies, humor, and wide play of temperament, character, and social condition which give that drama its almost infinite variety and its inexhaustible interest.

Oxford. By Andrew Lang. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.

The spell of Oxford is conveyed largely by the venerable beauty of its gardens, colleges, and churches, and the ripe loveliness of the landscape in which it is set; and in this handsome quarto Mr. Lang's text has the aid of Mr. Carline's charming illustration in color. We are told that men either hate Oxford or love her, and Mr. Lang loved her. "He is not to be envied who has known and does not love her. When her children have quarreled with her, the fault is theirs, not hers. They have chosen the accidental evils to brood on, in place of acquiescing in her grace and charms." The scholarly, versatile, and accomplished man of letters who wrote these words was not blind to her faults, but he felt and has conveyed the "last enchantments of the Middle Age" which Oxford has preserved for the commercial England of to-day. In a series of ten chapters he has sketched the successive periods of growth through which the University has passed; not in the manner of the historian but rather in that of the biographer, evoking the famous personalities that have made Oxford "the university of movements," with sidelights from contemporary history, and with a generous infusion of humor. The story is full of fascination, and the large type in which it is told and the captivating illustrations make this book a delight to the eye and to the mind.

Our Philadelphia. By Elizabeth Robins and Joseph Pennell. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $7.50.

Among the most distinctive illustrated books is the substantial volume entitled "Our Philadelphia," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Philadelphians may well be proud that their city has been celebrated in such text and with such illustration, and their pride is doubtless accentuated by the fact that both author and illustrator are Philadelphians by birth. Thus the preparation of the work must have been a labor of love—the telling of the story in picture and text of a dearly loved native place. But the book has, of course, a wider appeal. Among those who see in the growth of our great American cities something peculiarly characteristic of American development this volume should prove suggestive of similar treatment as applied to our other large communities. While the book emphasizes the excellencies already widely recognized in other books by the Pennells—especially in their "Life of Whistler"—and while many will be glad to possess the volume on that account, it has a compelling individual charm.

Forest of Arden (The). By George Wharton Edwards. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $4.50.

Mr. George Wharton Edwards is the author and illustrator of this sumptuous volume on "The Forest of Arden." At this time, when very sad and serious events are taking place in the Forest of the Ardennes, the question is sometimes asked, Is this Shakespeare's Forest of Arden? Mr. Edwards says that it is. The country between Luxemburg and Liège is none other than the scene of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and other stories of the Elizabethan period. No one can have journeyed southward from Liège towards Bouillon and the other resorts of the Ardennes without feeling the lack of a really good book on the region. Mr. Edwards does much to supply the need. We are especially glad that he gives much place to the legendary lore in connection with the Forest. Certain places, too, like Dinant, now in ashes, have a pathetic interest as we read about them in his pages. After the war is over, it is to be hoped that the Ardennes as a region will not lose its characteristics of simplicity and economy in cost of living. It has long been a favorite region with the Belgians, and also with those foreigners who have known it because it has not been in the hurly-burly of the traveling world.

From the Log of the Velsa. By Arnold Bennett. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Mr. Bennett's book is made attractive with pictures by E. A. Rickards and a frontispiece in color by Mr. Bennett himself. We must say frankly that we do not like the title. Had there been some indication in it that the volume contained impressions by Mr. Bennett of his voyages along the English, French, Flemish, Dutch, Danish, and Baltic coasts, it would have instantly challenged curiosity and interest on the part of the book-buyer. Anything that Mr. Bennett writes deserves attention, but those who have been latterly reading his frequent articles in the London "Daily News" on the war will be glad to turn from their somewhat controversial character to the quieter and serener bits of description in the present volume. The descriptions are delightful.

Lure of London (The). By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

After one really gets into the spirit of the author's understanding of London her treatment of the vast subject is interesting. No one can doubt that London is alluring, even appealing, to the casual tourist who gives a week or two to its claims. In turn, we are asked to

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regard the deeply spiritual significance of the great city and its material, artistic, social, and historic aspects. A most informing chapter is written on the Royal Institution of Great Britain—home of science and a center of intellectual social interchange. The force exerted throughout British society by the London clubs, societies, and movements, as well as by her art, literature, religion, and love of outdoor sports, is hard to measure. It may seem a lack in sense of proportion to devote a chapter each to Annie Besant and Archdeacon Wilberforce, but just such a mingling of ideas and speculations keeps the minds of many men and women in the great metropolis on the alert. A number of good pictures embellish the large volume.

Midsummer Night's Dream (A). By William Shakespeare. With Illustrations by W. Heaton Robinson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $4.

Ample margins, a seemly type page, and a cover design in which Pan bears a noticeable resemblance to Bernard Shaw are the minor excellencies of this edition. The major attraction is Mr. Robinson's drawings, which catch the fairy spirit and the fun spirit of Shakespeare's always entrancing fantasy.

Jessie Willcox Smith's Mother Goose (The). By Jessie Willcox Smith. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

This will doubtless be an emphatically popular book for any child's Christmas. It contains a careful and full selection of the famous rhymes, with many illustrations in black and white and also in color, all of them in the well-known manner of this famous illustrator. We are grateful for the historical note by Katherine Gridley Buddy, which reminds us once more that the title "Mother Goose" was first known to have been used about the year 1696, when Charles Perrault published "The Tales of Mère l'Oye."

Golden Age (The). By Kenneth Grahame. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

For children of an older or younger growth who are possessed of the necessary amount of imagination no book of recent years has had a greater charm than this delightful text-book of happy days which was published fifteen or twenty years ago but has not lost its fresh charm. In this form it presents itself as a simple quarto with twenty colored illustrations by Mr. R. J. E. Moody. These illustrations will satisfy a great many children of a literal turn of mind. The book is attractive, but it is a misfortune that the artist did not share with the writer the imagination which gives "The Golden Age" its peculiar charm.

Artist in Spain (An). By A. C. Michael. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.

This is a well-written and particularly well-illustrated book on the Peninsula. Especially Spanish in tone is the too short chapter on the "capea," or unprofessional bullfight. Incidentally, we note that the author speaks of Sevilla, Córdoba, Cataluña, instead of the Anglicized Seville, Cordova, Catalonia.

Lohengrin. By Richard Wagner. Retold in English Verse by T. W. Rolleston. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $5.

As at every holiday time, there appears an addition to Wagnerian literature such as we now have in the very interesting book by T. W. Rolleston, "presented" by Willy Pogany, setting forth "The Tale of Lohengrin, Knight of the Swan." The rather slender text is lavishly illustrated, and the chief characteristic of the illustrations is the exquisite use of color.

End of the Trail (The). By E. Alexander Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Mr. Powell is a vivacious writer, a world traveler, a magazinist of experience and ability. This book deals with the American Pacific coast, with New Mexico and Arizona, and with British Columbia. The romance of history, the natural beauty of the country, the pioneer life, the industrial advance, the future in store—all are treated in a picturesque and readable manner and with appropriate illustration.

Good Stories for Great Holidays. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

This substantial volume presents more than a hundred and twenty selections in prose and verse for such occasions as Christmas, St. Valentine's Day, the Fourth of July, Columbus, Labor, and Bird Days. There are sixteen of these occasions, and every occasion is fitted with one or more appropriate bits of writing. There is a liberal selection of good stories, and there are very pretty colored pictures.

Mary Frances, Housekeeper. By Jane E. Freyer. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

This is a book of vast entertainment for children of a pictorial or mechanical turn of mind. It contains pictures for setting up a family of dolls with furniture and other necessities of life, all to be cut out; the text is simply a little rivulet running through the illustrations.

Our Sentimental Garden. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.75.

The names of the authors of this winning quarto have been associated for the most part with romantic stories; and this volume, although it deals with a real garden in a real country, has the atmosphere of romance, not only in its text, but in its illustration, which consists of head and tail pieces, and page pictures in color. The garden is in Surrey, one of the garden counties of England; and the book is a calendar of the seasons, emotionally or poetically presented. It is whimsical, discursive, artistic, and altogether beguiling. It supplements the many garden books which tell people how and when to plant;

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this tells them rather how and when to enjoy growing things.

Christmas Cards, Holiday Novelties, Art Calendars. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A surprising variety of pretty, merry, ingenious, humorous, and, in a few cases, forcedly pious, gifts in card, booklet, and calendar form, comes to us from a house famous for its offerings of this kind. The prices are from twenty-five cents to five dollars.

Romance of Preaching (The). By Charles Silvester Horne. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

This inspiring volume is the parting message to the churches of a great British preacher. Three days after speaking its last words in this year's Yale Lectures on Preaching he suddenly passed from earth, having in comparatively few years fulfilled many years in exhausting labors. A chivalrous and knightly soul was he in his rare combination of spiritual insight, moral passion, and fervid eloquence. In his thought of the preacher's mission as "the servant of the Spirit" it is "to keep the soul of the world alive," as the motor of all progress. The romance of the preacher is "the sublime miracle of the God-intoxicated soul with vision of an eternal Will, and sense of an empire to which all continents, tongues, races belong." The preacher is the prophet of the realization of that empire not only in individual lives, but also in social organization. Like Moses, the first of the prophets, he must espouse the cause of a suffering people; he must know the inwardness of their lot in a social order "where unbridled prodigality at the top is balanced by indescribable poverty at the bottom." Only so can he become to both classes a true prophet of God.

In successive lectures Mr. Horne reviews the romance of preaching in the Apostolic age; in the royalty of the pulpit as illustrated by Athanasius and Chrysostom; in such rulers of peoples as Savonarola, Calvin, and Knox; in such founders of freedom as John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers; in the passion of evangelism seen in Wesley and Whitefield; finally, the romance of modern preaching. Here Mr. Horne rises to an impassioned climax. He sees that we are on the eve of new applications of Christ's teaching, destined to call into existence a truly Christian civilization, in which poverty shall become extinct, militarism end, and the Church's early ideal of internationalism be realized. "The one demand is the consecrated spirit, the forward mind. . . . Let us have courage. Our mission is to inspire men, and in Christ is inexhaustible inspiration."

What Can I Know? By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.

Epistemology, the philosophical theory of the grounds of knowledge, is a thicket threaded in volumes that are "caviar to the general," eschewed by the average reader. For such of these as are seeking a satisfying answer to the inquiry propounded by this volume a veteran thinker here cuts an easily traveled path through the mazes of the subject, clearing it of entanglements, and steadily keeping in view its issues in practical value for the rational conduct of life. Sound knowledge, Professor Ladd insists, is a matter that must engage the entire man. He cannot be a knower unless he makes himself a thinker. Thinking is a process, not of forming ideas, but of reaching judgments to act upon. Intuitions are helpful in all branches of truth when they are fruits of previous thinking, but must be tested by further thinking. If there is any way to assured knowledge, it leads on from the undoubted facts of the universal experience of mankind. Building his knowledge upon these, the knower must, in common sense, be agnostic in innumerable things, but in practical interests must depend on the knowledge of the more experienced few—not only in art and science, but also in morals and religion. In Japan Professor Ladd has been consulted by "promoters" as an expert in ethics. Thus this line of thought leads up to the ultimate question, "Can a man know God?" It is replied that the history of social and religious consciousness shows that the choicest personal values have sprung from reasoned faith in God as perfect ethical Spirit. The practical appropriation of this faith, a modern Hindu has said, "is not merely to have a knowledge but to experience a getting of God." And this more than any other kind of knowledge is the fruit of earnest seeking and of a will to know. "As a support and guide to practical life it is incomparably superior to any belief which the positive sciences can possibly establish."

Municipal Life and Government in Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.75.

Though the English readers for whom this book was primarily written are hardly likely at the present moment to receive it appreciatively, it is well worth their attention, and worth careful reading by Americans too. "Militarism" by no means sums up the whole story of German ideals and achievement, and, repugnant as militarism is to the Englishman and the American, this should not prevent recognition and adoption of whatever real benefits German accomplishment may proffer to the rest of the world.

Certainly Germany has accomplished much in the phase of social activity which Mr. Dawson here studies. Perhaps more than any other people the German, in Mr. Dawson's words, "regards his town as a living organism, whose development both deserves and needs to be controlled

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with the utmost thought and care." The picture he draws of self-governing municipalities unfettered by "constitutional" limitations, aiming directly at the ideal of the greatest good of the greatest number, and achieving that ideal by organized effort under the leadership of an expert executive and professionally trained advisers, is most impressive. From the English and American standpoint, to be sure, there are certain striking drawbacks in the methods by which the splendid results noted are attained. The predominance of bureaucracy and the proportional basis of representation by no means accord with democratic principles. Nevertheless it ought to be possible, without ruthlessly sacrificing the democratic ideal, to solve civic problems as satisfactorily as the Germans seem to have done, and to this end Mr. Dawson's detailed, clear, and readable study should prove really helpful.

Century of Columbus (The). By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., Litt.D. Catholic Summer School Press, New York. $3.50.

The hundred years from 1450 to 1550 were remarkably fruitful in distinguished artists, musicians, discoverers, reformers, social workers, men of learning, and authors, all well worthy of the commemoration so well given in this volume. The theme is a stirring one, and Dr. Walsh imparts some of his enthusiasm to his readers, with a juster appreciation of the glory of the past than modern men habitually cherish. As a panegyrist, however, he must be accompanied by a judicious critic, just as in the Papal Court a so-called *advocatus diaboli* is present when a candidate for saintship is proposed for canonization.

When one reads what Dr. Walsh records of the noble foundation work for education and social progress done under the auspices of the Church after the conquest of Mexico and Peru, contrasting it with the backwardness of our own early settlements, the general illiteracy now prevalent in those countries and the present reversal of that contrast needs an explanation that he has left to impartial critics. One can agree to his rehabilitation of the long-vilified character of Lucretia Borgia, and need not object to a good word for Machiavelli, but in the name of all saints one must protest against lenient judgment of the monstrosities of Cortez and Pizarro and a whitewashing of the sanguinary Spanish Inquisition. Apart from such defects Dr. Walsh's brilliant record of a great cultural epoch of history is commendable and valuable.

Young Woman Worker (The). By Mary A. Laselle. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.

Practical, sound advice upon what might be classed as the superficial essentials of a business woman's training is to be found in this small volume gotten up in the dress of a gift book. "Efficiency, fitness, ability, these are what make work a pleasure and bring success." True, but good manners, good health, proper dress and habits, are also necessary, as the writer points out.

Story of Dartmouth (The). By Wilder Dwight Quint. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Romantic was Dartmouth's beginning as an American Indian school, transplanted in 1770 to a few log cabins in the northern wilds from its birthplace in Lebanon, Connecticut. Its course for the subsequent century seems like that of the upper waters of a great river, mountain-born, broken here and there by rapids and cataracts. Of the vicissitudes of the hundred years preceding "the great awakening," since which Dartmouth has risen to its primacy among the small Eastern colleges, Mr. Quint has given a vivid picture, with entertaining sketches of student life and manners, and striking pen portraits of the notable occupants of the President's often thorny seat. The celebrated "Dartmouth case," won by Daniel Webster before the Supreme Court in 1818, gave to the puny college fighting for the inviolability of its charter a National fame now growing from its spreading roots. A lively interest is sustained to the story's end.

Anne Feversham. By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

A tale of Shakespeare's time with Shakespeare as the central figure, and two wandering, unfortunate young lovers to give the author scope for his romantic fancies. Queen Bess plays an unattractive rôle, and her "raddled old face" is not veiled in mercy. While the story moves vivaciously, one is haunted by the feeling that it is written with deliberate effort—and effort that peeps through the worn places in the author's art.

Joyful Heart (The). By Robert Haven Schauffler. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

This welcome "guide-book to joy" comes in charming dress. Most of us are happily acquainted with Mr. Schauffler's spirit, and turn in pleasant anticipation to his essays. Especially good are his thoughts on "The Brimming Cup" in this collection. As an illuminating interpreter of music he is unique; see the chapter on "The Joyous Mission of Mechanical Music."

Life-Story of a Russian Exile (The). By Marie Sukloff. Translated by Gregory Yarros. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

If the facts in regard to the treatment of "politicals" in Russia were less well attested or more rare, it would be safer to ignore them. Such a chronicle of injustice, suffering, and fortitude as is written by this woman from the depths of a passionate nature is almost beyond belief; but here it stands, with others of like import. And yet Russia is only groping toward the light of freedom. It is well for Americans to read such books as these.

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BY THE WAY

In all languages, says "Shipping Illustrated," it is now the fashion to describe an all-big-gun battle-ship as a "dreadnought," or a "super-dreadnought" in the case of a ship having more than ten twelve-inch guns, or guns of a heavier caliber. The fashion started in 1905, when the name Dreadnought was given by the British Admiralty to a battle-ship that mounted only one type of heavy guns.

"The old popular culture of Christmas songs and celebrations," G. K. Chesterton remarks in "Life," "is not dead, though it has often been dying. Always in its hour its avenger liveth: in Steele in the coldest of centuries; in Washington Irving in the youngest of colonies; in Dickens in the dirtiest and dankest of industrial developments; and in all the great revival of Dickens to-day. . . . The Waits have more future than the Futurists."

A curious anomaly connected with the war is that American exports of gunpowder and dynamite for October of this year are far less than in October, 1913. The value of the gunpowder exported in October of this year, however—$24,395—is some $10,000 more than last year, the price having nearly doubled.

In a terrific gale that swept over Lake Superior recently half a hundred lives are believed to have been lost. Four steamships were reported missing and are supposed to have been wrecked or to have foundered. The navigation of the big inland seas is thus at times dangerous even to large vessels.

"The Gilded Age," Mark Twain's comedy, was a failure from the critics' standpoint, but, according to a writer of theatrical reminiscences in the "Dramatic Mirror," the fact that it contained an immortal character, Colonel Mulberry Sellers, made it one of the most popular of American plays, ranking in public appreciation with "The Old Homestead" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Women's Freedom League of London has formed a corps of volunteer policewomen for duty in public places. Similar organizations have been formed in Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, and Hull. The news that women are thus organizing in England for the promotion of public order is a pleasant change from the frequent ante-war despatches about militant disturbances.

The Suez Canal is not the first canal to join the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, according to a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society. The Egyptians, it is stated, in 1350–1300 B.C., constructed such a canal; in the course of time it was choked with sand; another canal was begun by Necho about 600 B.C., and completed a century later; Trajan restored this canal; when Napoleon visited Egypt, he planned to reopen the old canal, but was forced to abandon the project. It remained for de Lesseps to repeat the engineering triumph of the ancient Egyptians, on a vaster scale.

An amusing photo-play shown before the New York Advertising Men's League was called "Mr. Noad's Adless Day." Its theme was the trouble that beset a householder who wanted all advertising abolished. He got no morning newspaper, no breakfast cereal, found no "bargains" in the stores and couldn't tell one store from another owing to the absence of signs, had no business stationery in his office and no calendar for finding the date, and in the evening could not learn of any amusement to dispel the weariness of his "adless day."

A witty barrister, says an English paper, who did not object to a joke at his own expense, was asked, on returning from circuit, how he had got on. "Well," was the reply, "I saved the lives of two or three prisoners." "Then you defended them for murder?" "No," was the rejoinder, "I prosecuted them for it."

A significant indication of the growth of the public betterment movement in the South is furnished by the news item that "the people of a thousand North Carolina communities got together December 3 to improve and beautify their roads and church and school buildings and grounds."

In the ancestral home of the family of Sir Francis Drake the famous drum of the great English sea-fighter is still preserved. This drum beat the signals of Drake's flagship when he scattered the Spanish Armada; and tradition says that he commanded that it be sounded, after his death, whenever danger threatened Great Britain. Twice has it been thus beat, says the legend—once when the Dutch swept the English Channel, and once when Napoleon threatened invasion. Will the drum again be sounded in the present war? is a question that some of the Admiral's countrymen are asking.

Between 5:20 and 6:20 Saturday evening after the recent Yale-Harvard football game at New Haven there were carried out of the railway station of that city approximately 18,000 people, or 300 a minute. Sixty-five trains and 618 cars were used altogether in carrying the football crowd, which totaled about 37,500 people who traveled by rail. This crowd was a record-breaking one for the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road, and there was no serious mishap to any passenger.

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